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Of Saturday, July 31, contains Articles on

EVENTS OF THE WEEK—PARLIAMENTARY ELECTIONS OF RAILWAY MEMBERS—NEW METHOD OF SETTLING DISPUTES AT A JOINT SESSION—THE MIXED GAUGE—BIRMINGHAM AND OXFORD CAMPAIGN OPENED IN FORM—CHIEF MOURNER FOR STRUTTS OPENED THE LORDS—BROUGHAMIANA—A GLANCE ACROSS THE CHANNEL.

REPORTS OF MEETINGS—Birmingham and Oxford Junction—London and Greenwich—Brighton and Continental Steam Packet—Kendal and Windermere—Newcastle-upon-Tyne and Carlisle—Camerton's Coalbrook Steam Coal, and Swansea and Loughor—Caledonian—Wilstown, Morning-side and Colonsay—Bishop Auckland and Wearside—Nanur and Lige—Tennant and Lake Huron.

PLEASURE EXCURSIONS—On the Eastern Counties—Penzance, near Hertford (with Explanatory).

SKETCHES OF NEW RAILWAYS.

OFFICIAL PAPERS.—Reports of Commissioners of Railways—Arbroath and Forfar—Caledonian and Dumbartonshire—Glasgow, Kilmarnock and Ardrossan—Wilstown, Morning-side and Colonsay—Strathtay and Breadalban—Midland and Great Northern—Great Southern and Western—York, Blackrock and Passage—Dublin, Dundrum and Rathfarnham—York and London—Kendal and Windermere, Directors' Report and Statement of Accounts.

Scottish Central, Shareholders' Protests—South-Eastern and Brighton, Dispute at their Station.

Progress of Works—Accidents—Law Intelligence—Iron Trade Meetings—Tenders for Loans—Contracts—Dividends—Calls—Books closed—Correspondence—Share Lists—Foreign ditto—Money Market—Gossip of the Week.

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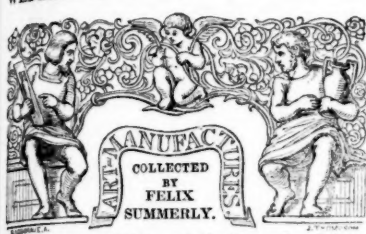
THE GARDENERS' CHRONICLE, AND AGRICULTURAL GAZETTE,

(THE HORTICULTURAL PART Edited by Prof. LINDLEY.)

Of Saturday, July 31, contains Articles on

Amateur gardener—potatoes
Analysis of soils
Annuities, treatment after
flowering
Asphaltum flooring
Bees, by Mr. E. Bevan, Machynlleth
Bees and laurel
British Association
British plants, new
Caledonian Horticultural Society
Calendar, horticultural
Carnations, agricultural
Carnations, select
Carnation, culture of, in France
Cattle show at Northampton
Chestnut trees, large, by Mr. P. Mackenzie
Climbers, greenhouse
Cornwall Horticultural Society
Crops at Tiptree Hall, by Mr. J. J. Mechi
Cropping, queries respecting
Doyle, K. R.
Simethis bicolor, by Mr. Wm. Holt, Bromley, Kent
Soils, analysis of, by Mr. M. S. Sel
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WEDDING AND BIRTHDAY PRESENTS.

COLLECTED
BY
FELIX
SUMMERLY.

FRANCESCO FRANCA was a Goldsmith as well as a Painter. Designs for crockery are attributed to Raffaele. Leonardo da Vinci invented necklaces. In the Gallery of Buckingham Palace is a Painting by Teniers to ornament a harpsicord; and in the National Gallery there is one by Nicolo Poussin for a similar purpose. Holbein designed brooches and saltcellars. Albert Durer himself sculptured ornaments of all kinds. At Windsor is iron-work by Quintin Matsys. Basso Angiola, and a host of great Artists, decorated books; and, in fact, there was scarcely a single medieval Artist, when Art was really Catholic, who did not try to decorate the objects of everyday life. Beauty of form and colour and poetic invention were associated with every thing. So it ought still to be, and we will say, shall be again.

Manufacturing skill is pre-eminent and abundant; but artistic skill has still to be wedded with it. An attempt will now be made to revive the good practice of connecting the best Art with similar objects in daily use; and this intention will be made manifest by the aid of our best Artists, several of whom have already expressed their willingness to assist in this object, among them may be named—

John Bell, Sculptor.	S. Joseph, Sculptor.
C. W. Cope, A.R.A.	D. Macleise, R.A.
T. Creswick, A.R.A.	W. Mulready, R.A.
J. R. Herbert, R.A.	H. Redgrave, A.R.A.
J. C. Horsley	H. J. Townsund.

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—El mismo, en francés y español. 2 vols. 12 fr. 75 c.

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LONDON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 7, 1847.

REVIEWS

Narrative of the Surveying Voyage of H.M.S. Fly during the Years 1842—1846. Together with an Excursion into the Interior of the Eastern Part of Java. By J. B. Jukes, Esq. Naturalist to the Expedition. 2 vols. T. & W. Boone.

Is one particular these volumes are especially commendable:—they are written in a style of simplicity and apparent fidelity of which we wish that examples were more abundant. In their accuracy of detail has been evidently preferred to display. The exploring voyage which they narrate is a sequel to that of H.M.S. Beagle in the years 1837—1843, and was performed under the command of Capt. F. P. Blackwood; who has waived his privilege of publication in favour of Mr. Jukes—and to whom the volumes are dedicated. There is a peculiarity—not to say inconvenience—in the form of the work; which is cast in a geographical, rather than chronological, order:—but this arrangement suits the talent and function of the writer. He is thereby better enabled to classify the objects to which his attention was more especially directed. Thus, the book opens with his visit, on the 7th of January 1843, to a coral island—the First Banker—in the northern part of the Capricorn Group, on the north-eastern coast of Australia.

Among the well-known advantages of the coast which Mr. Jukes describes, not the least is the excellent anchorage everywhere afforded. He has too little confidence in the soil of any part of Australia to recommend the cultivation of tropical productions. If, however, he adds, it should be desirable to push the settlements of New South Wales further to the south, the tract of coast between Broad Sound and Whitson Day Passage is that to be preferred, on account of its fertility, pleasant aspect and salubrious climate.—

“Penal stations or convict settlements would not, in my opinion, be advisable anywhere to the northward of Sandy Cape, since escape by sea to the northward would be so very easy. The coast being everywhere sheltered by reefs and islands, indented by small bays and mangrove creeks, the fraillest canoe might be used along shore, and concealment from pursuit easily obtained, while life might always be supported by oysters and shell-fish, and the fresh water so frequently found near the coast between Sandy Cape and Cape York. Escaped convicts might ultimately take refuge among the islands of Torres Strait, where they would be well received by the natives, and where they might assemble perhaps in sufficient numbers to seize a vessel passing through, or by going up the Gulf of Carpentaria, would find a refuge among the Bugis, who come there in January for trepang. A post at Cape York would obviate much of the risk of escape, but not all, as, if the convicts were aware of it, they might pass it in the night.”

At Cape Cleveland we have an interview with the natives, described with some novelty of effect.

“We followed a native path for some distance along the beach, towards the point of the Cape, and in one cove behind the sandy beach we found a pool of fresh water. In this we enjoyed what in Australia is a rare luxury, a fresh-water bath; and while dressing, we saw suddenly a column of smoke rise up over the trees near the foot of the hill, and quickly disappear again. This we took for a signal, and had no doubt that every motion of ours was followed and watched by the natives, although we could not perceive them. This is one of the inconveniences of landing for a walk on this coast. However desert and uninhabited the place may appear, even for days together, you must always walk in the expectation that a native has his eye upon you, and may perhaps be lurking within spear-throw. This neces-

sity for constant vigilance is very irksome at first, as you never can give your undivided attention to any object you may meet with, nor be utterly regardless of the movements of your companions, nor throw yourself down to rest with conscious security. In a short time, however, watchfulness becomes habitual; an unusual sound or motion strikes upon your ear or eye unconsciously as it were; your gun is always ready to your hand, and your hand ready to act instinctively, and without interrupting your occupation, or breaking your train of thoughts. After we had returned to the boat and dined, we saw eight or ten men come out of the bush on to the sands, about half a mile off, point to the boat, make several gestures, and come towards us. We sent a man to a rocky point to call and beckon to them; on seeing which, they ran towards us, and our man returned. When about 200 yards off they stopped, coyed, and gesticulated, all which we returned, when, seeing them to be without arms in their hands, I, with Captain Blackwood's permission, stepped ashore, and went up to them, with a red night-cap as a present. One man advanced to meet me, on whose head I placed the red cap, and then dancing ‘corrobory fashion’ to each other, we immediately became good friends, and the rest came up. Captain Blackwood and Ince now joined us, bringing some biscuit, and we all sat down and held a palaver, laughing, singing, grimacing, and playing all kinds of tricks. On our lighting our cigars they all called out ‘medar,’ meaning, I conclude, fire. Pulling out my powder-flask, I made a small train on a piece of rock, and set fire to it, at which they were greatly surprised and delighted, and made signs to do it again. Their expression of surprise was a sound like ‘phut! phut!’ but when pleasure or satisfaction is mingled with it, it was ‘wurrah! wurrah!’ or rather, ‘wur-r-r-r!’ vibrating the tongue continually. We sent for some brown sugar, with the taste of which they were highly pleased, and swallowed large mouthfuls with great satisfaction. We then invited them to come to the boat, and though at first rather reluctant, when we got in and sat down, and threw some biscuit ashore, they came and sat opposite us, one or two young ones coming down the slope of a projecting rock to the bow of the boat. Presently an old woman made her appearance, of rather a skinny figure, but a sharp, good-natured countenance: she had a grass basket over her shoulder, and a grass necklace round her neck, being her only apparel. She waded out to us with the greatest confidence and good humour, and we filled her two hands with sugar, with which, as soon as she had tasted it, she crammed her mouth as full as it could hold; then giving us her basket and necklace, she held out her hands for more. Two or three young girls and two boys now came down. The elder of the other women came down near the boat, but would not come out to us for sugar, on which the old dame offered to take her some. As soon, however, as she got it in her hands she began on it herself, and would have finished it had we not cried out, on which she went and gave half a handful to the other woman, and then licked her own hands as clean as possible. The youngest and best-looking girl we could not persuade to come to us. On beckoning to her to come for sugar, she would advance hesitatingly a little way, and then turn round laughing, with her hand before her face, and run behind some of the men, with all the airs and coquetry of a rustic belle, which in her purely natural condition amused us not a little. We then gave some for her to a man who apparently was her husband. He took a heavy toll of it; but on our crying out he let her taste it, when, as she took only a little as if afraid or not liking it, he hastily crammed the remainder into his mouth, as if to settle the business, and seemed to treat our efforts at gallantry with profound indifference and contempt. On my stepping ashore to buy another basket, the young women ran away with the little children, but the rest took no notice. Some of the younger men were very inquisitive about our dress, pulling our coats as if they thought they were loose skin, on which I sat down and took off my boot and stocking, at which there were many exclamations of ‘Phut! phut!’ As I was throwing my stocking to one of the men in the boat, one of the boys, with a very comical air, jumped up and caught it in its passage, on which

there was a general laugh: he examined it with great attention, peeping down it like a magpie into a bone; and then, seeing one of our men holding out his hand for it, he pretended to throw it, but suddenly drew it back again, and all with such humorous gestures as elicited roars of laughter from both parties. At length, however, on my speaking to him, he threw it into the boat good-naturedly enough. We now gave them some bottles and other trifles, on which they offered us their armlets, made of plaited grass, and seemed anxious to find something to give us in exchange. When the sun was getting low, they pointed to it and then to the foot of the hill, and laid their heads on their hands, to show us they were going to sleep there, on which we laid our heads down in the boat, and then pointed across the bay to tell them we were going to sleep where we were, and were going away in the morning, on which they all rose up and departed together.”

The character of the natives seemed to be generally inoffensive; and our voyagers behaved with much propriety,—conciliating and amusing them with exemplary perseverance.

Well-made, lively, active, good-tempered and athletic, these savages excite sometimes a mixed pastoral interest. The following episode is partly of that and partly of a fiercer character.

“The natives beckoned us to the shade of a bush, and, smoothing the sand, made signs to us to sit down, which we did, and they sat down with us. One or two of them had skulls of network, and one fine young man, with a different cast of countenance from the rest, his features being Nubian rather than Australian, took his off, and exhibited his hair carefully combed up and back, into a conical, or cocoa-nut form. Seeing us smear our hands and faces with tar and oil, to keep off musquitoes, they immediately requested some, and leant forward their heads while we anointed them, saying wurrah all the while. On my saying ‘meda,’ they immediately answered, ‘medané,’ and picking up two sticks, one of them prepared them for getting a light. He chose a round stick and a flat one, and bit the round one into a rude point at one end. He then offered it to each of us in turn, either out of compliment or wishing to know whether we could set it on fire. On our all declining and making signs to do it himself, he, with a kind of air of superiority, put the flat stick on the ground between his feet, and taking the other between his hands, he began rubbing or twirling it rapidly round, till he made a small hole in the lower stick, which shortly began to smoke, and was just on the point of igniting, when he desisted. In order that we might not be outdone, I now produced a bit of punk and a burning-glass, and calling their attention, lit it by help of the sun; we then lighted our cigars, and made a little fire of sticks, at which they nodded their heads. As soon as the fire was lit, each of them held his hands for a short time in the smoke, and then smeared them over our faces, repeating it two or three times. Whether this was a ceremony meant to welcome us to their country, or equivalent to eating bread or salt with an Arab, I cannot tell. We now got up to return to our boat, of which, however, they highly disapproved, and endeavoured to detain us or to induce us to go further up the river. As, however, we saw others in the distance, coming up, we thought it best to return; but when they saw us so determined, they even laid hold of us by the arm, or took hold of our guns, on which we shook them off and spoke sharply to them, and most part of them desisted. Our impudent friend with the stick, however, stuck close to us, laying hold first of one and then of another; seeing which, two or three more came up and joined him in his endeavours. On coming in sight of the boat, we saw a large party of natives assembled near it, and several more here and there in the edge of the woods; all shouting and crying from one to the other. As soon as we came near, the uproar increased, and those with us renewed their attempts to stop us, vociferating all the time at the top of their voices. Still they were mostly unarmed; but we saw one man with a spear and shield at the edge of the bush, and two or three more had waddies and boomerangs, painted red; and knowing how quickly they supply themselves with weapons on an emergency, it was thought better not to go through the wood over the cliff, but to wade out towards the

boat, and tell our men to come for us. The uproar was now very great, and seeing one or two behind me, kicking up water at us with an evidently contemptuous motion, I fully expected we were going to have a scrimmage, and resolved to shoot our impudent friend with the bullet head and shillelah the very first man. Just as we were stepping into the boat, however, a little man came pushing down through the crowd, whom Ince and I recognized as Little Jacket, one of the men we had seen two days before, and immediately made signs of recognition to him. He was very busy talking to them about us and pushing them back, pointing to our guns, and begging them, apparently, to let us alone. The lead line having been used as a stern fast, was left on the bank when the boat shoved off, and one fellow was just picking it up, when Ince presented his gun at him, on which he dropped it and ran off. Everything being now in the boat except that, we dropped down for it, and sent one hand to bring it off, when we shoved off into the stream about twenty yards, and then came to an anchor to change our clothes and get something to eat and drink. * * They could not pronounce our words very well, and, if they ended in a consonant, always added 'o' to them, as 'hato' for 'hat.' Their own language was remarkably soft and vocalic, without that iteration of the same sound usual in Australia; and they spoke earnestly, rapidly, and with a continuous flow of words."

These islanders, indeed, did not always prove so friendly. At Rockingham Bay, Cape Melville, and Cape Direction, our voyagers were exposed to treacherous attacks—owing, perhaps, to the previous acquaintance of the natives with some Europeans less cautious than themselves.

Of course, our author has a good deal to say on the subject of the coral formations: and his description of a beautiful coral rock on the edge of the Barrier Reef may be quoted first. Wonderful builders are these tiny workmen; and the imagination travels from a passage like this to the marvellous architecture that the human eye "may not see and live," in the deep places of the sea.—

"I had hitherto been rather disappointed by the aspect of the coral reefs, so far as beauty was concerned; and though very wonderful, I had not seen in them much to admire. One day, however, on the lee side of one of the outer reefs, near the wreck of the Ferguson, I had reason to change my opinion. In a small bight of the inner edge of this reef was a sheltered nook, where the extreme slope was well exposed, and where every coral was in full life and luxuriance. Smooth round masses of meandrina and astræa were contrasted with delicate leaf-like and cup-shaped expansions of explanaria, and with an infinite variety of branching madrepora and seriatopora, some with mere finger-shaped projections, others with large branching stems, and others again exhibiting an elegant assemblage of interlacing twigs, of the most delicate and exquisite workmanship. Their colours were unvaried—vivid greens, contrasting with more sober browns and yellows, mingled with rich shades of purple from pale pink to deep blue. Bright red, yellow, and peach coloured nullipora clothed those masses that were dead, mingled with beautiful pearly flakes of eschara and retepora; the latter looking like lace-work in ivory. In among the branches of the corals, like birds among trees, floated many beautiful fish, radiant with metallic greens or crimsons, or fantastically banded with black and yellow stripes. Patches of clear white sand were seen here and there for the floor, with dark hollows and recesses, beneath overhanging masses and ledges. All these, seen through the clear crystal water, the ripple of which gave motion and quick play of light and shadow to the whole, formed a scene of the rarest beauty, and left nothing to be desired by the eye, either in elegance of form, or brilliancy and harmony of colouring."

A night spent "on the wreck of the Martha Ridgway" afforded Mr. Jukes a more general survey of the Barrier Reef:—and connects darker thoughts with the coral works than of pleasure palaces and beneficent spirits to haunt them.

"We had a heavy pull of a couple of hours, dead to windward, from the ship's anchorage, before we

reached the inside edge of the reefs, where we found the flood tide coming in over the reef like the rapids of a river. We passed in a very short distance from dark blue water to some coral blocks, on which we grounded. The men then got overboard and we proceeded by dragging the boat over the coral in the deepest channels we could find, the men at one time standing only ankle deep, at the next unable to touch bottom, and holding on by the gunwale till they could lay hold of the next lump of coral. This coral was nearly all alive over the whole surface of the reef, which had no sand bank or dry space upon it even at low water. Before we reached the wreck, we met a heavy ripple proceeding from the surf of the outer edge, often a couple of feet deep, and requiring some care to prevent the boat being staved as it fell in the hollow of the wave at the back of the ripple line. On getting alongside the wreck, we found a rather heavy surf breaking against her bow, and reached the deck with some difficulty by means of an old back-stay that had been part of her main rigging. She lay with her bow to the sea on her starboard bilge. She was still pretty perfect above, her deck, fore-castle, and poop, and even the bulkheads of the cabins remaining. The foremast also was standing, but the tide flowed in and out of her below. Her lower deck, however, was dry, and at low water there was not above a foot or two of water in her hold. * * The reef was about a quarter of a mile wide, and ran nearly due N. and S. for several miles. It appeared indeed to stretch to the horizon in both directions, the breaks in its continuity being so narrow as to be barely perceptible. A fresh breeze was blowing from the S.E., and rather a heavy sea running outside. The water was perfectly clear and of great and almost unfathomable depth right up to the outer slope or submarine wall of the reef. The long ocean swell being suddenly impeded by this barrier, lifted itself in one great continuous ridge of deep blue water, which, curling over, fell on the edge of the reef in an unbroken cataract, of dazzling white foam. Each line of breaker was often one or two miles in length, with not a perceptible gap in its continuity. After recovering from this leap and spreading for some distance in a broad sheet of foam, the wave gradually swelled again into another furious breaker of almost equal height and extent with the first, and then into a third, which, although much less considerable, yet thundered against the bows of the wreck with a strength that often made her every timber quiver. Even then the force of the swell was not wholly expended, two or three heavy lines of ripple continually traversing the reef, and breaking here and there against the knobs and blocks of coral, that rose higher than usual. There was a simple grandeur and display of power and beauty in this scene, as viewed from the fore-castle of the wreck (about thirty feet above the water), that rose even to sublimity. The unbroken roar of the surf, with its regular pulsation of thunder, as each succeeding swell first fell on the outer edge of the reef, was almost deafening, yet so deep-toned as not to interfere with the slightest nearer and sharper sound, or oblige us to raise our voices in the least. Both the sound and the sight were such as to impress the mind of the spectator with the consciousness of standing in the presence of an overwhelming majesty and power, while his senses were delighted by the contrast of beautiful colours afforded by the deep blue of the ocean, the dazzling white of the surf, and the bright green of the shoal water on the reef. The reef, when closely examined, appeared to consist of a sandy floor, on which were thickly-clustered clumps of coral, scattered closely but irregularly about it. The corals appeared principally rounded masses of astræa and meandrina, covered with their green-coloured animals in a state of expansion; there were, however, many finger-shaped madreporæ of beautiful purple colours, and leaf-like expansions of explanaria and other branching corals. These were now generally covered with from one to four feet of water, but some masses were level with its surface. The whole was chequered with spaces of white sand, had a bright grass-green hue when viewed from a distance and when looking down on it from the poop of the wreck, might have been likened to a great submarine cabbage garden. Before it got dark we had righted the old coppers of the ship, which were lying on the deck, in order to cook the men's suppers, and after a little trouble we rigged

a kind of table in the cuddy with some of the bulkheads, and established ourselves for the night. * * As I was walking the poop of the wreck before looking out for a 'soft plank' to sleep on, I could not help being struck with the wildness and singular nature of the scene. A bright fire was blazing cheerfully in the galley forward, lighting up the spectral-looking foremast with its bleached and broken rigging, and the fragments of spars lying about it. A few of our men were crouched in their flannel jackets under the weather-bulwarks, as a protection from the spray which every now and then flew over us. The wind was blowing strongly, drifting a few dark clouds occasionally over the star-lit sky, and howling round the wreck with a shrill tone that made itself heard under the dull continuous roar of the surf. Just ahead of us was the broad white band of foam which stretched away on either hand into the dark horizon. * * Now and then some higher wave than usual would burst against the bows of the wreck, shaking all her timbers, sending a spout of spray over the fore-castle, and travelling along her sides, would lash the rudder backwards and forwards with a slow creaking groan, as if the old ship complained of the protracted agony she endured. She had been wrecked since we had ourselves left home, and entered the southern hemisphere, and there mingled perhaps some speculations as to our chance of leaving the old Fly in some similar situation with the highly wrought feelings which the mere character and aspect of the scene sufficed to impress upon the mind. The place was so far removed from the regions of civilized life, and so far even from any dry land at all; the reef, also, on which we stood, was one of nature's mysteries, its origin equally wonderful and obscure, its extent so vast, and its accompaniments so simple, so grand, and appropriate;—altogether I shall not easily forget my night-walk on the weather-beaten poop of the wreck of the Martha Ridgway."

On Murray Island—the aspect of which, it being covered by a continuous grove of cocoa trees, is singularly different from any part of Australia—our explorer met with natives whose eagerness for barter was remarkable.—

"The men were tall, well made, stout and muscular, with fuller and more powerful limbs than the Australians. Their colour was a dark brown, approaching to black, the hair frizzled, but often dressed in short, close, pipe-like ringlets something like a thrum mop, and looking frequently like wigs. We afterwards found, to our great astonishment, that some of these really were wigs, and excellently made. None of them had lost a front tooth, neither were they cicatrized or tattooed, except a faint oval scar on the shoulder. The men were naked, but the woman had a short petticoat of leaves, reaching from the waist to the knee."

The native name for New Guinea, we may mention, is Dowdee: and the inhabitants of Dowdee manifested a great terror of Europeans—on account, as it would seem, of the whiteness of their skins. This fear is described as having amounted to horror,—and as having, ultimately, given rise to displays of animosity. From New Guinea our author gleans an occasion of rising to the Homeric strain—having been witness, from his boat, to a battle between the tribes.—

"The natives had run back to Keriam, and were now coming out armed with bows and arrows, looking along the beach, in which direction I now caught sight of a small party coming along at full speed from the south side of the island, or the direction of Moggor. Mammoos's party advanced in an irregular straggling line, with the women carrying bundles of arrows on the flanks and in the rear. We pulled off a little way, to be out of arrow-shot, and then lay on our oars to see the result. The small party coming up seemed to be the inhabitants of the next village, and joined Mammoos's party, and we then saw another body of about thirty men coming round the point, and a canoe with about six more. These were evidently enemies, or Sewari party. They approached each other at full speed in within about thirty or forty yards, when they both halted, sheltering themselves behind rocks and large

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stones; and there was a pretty brisk interchange of arrows. The sharp twanging or smacking of the bows, the rattling of bundles of arrows, and the hurrying of arrows through the air, and their glancing from the rocks, was heard above the shouts and cries of the combatants. The fierce gestures, quick and active movements, and the animated attitudes of the black and naked warriors, ornamented as many of them were with glittering pearl shells, or red flowers and yellow leaves hanging from their hair, and the crouching of the women, known by their petticoats, on the rear or skirts of the battle with fresh stores of ammunition, formed for a short time an interesting and exciting spectacle. After a minute or two's skirmishing, they all rushed together, hand to hand, and formed a confused mob. The shouting and noise was then redoubled, and there was a short clatter of long poles, sticks or canoe paddles, which we could see waving above their heads; and we thought some of them were using their arrows as spears or daggers. Still no execution seemed to be done, as we saw none of them down; and in a very brief time the poles and paddles were all held erect, the women closed up, and the war of deeds seemed to end in one of words. At last we heard shouts of 'poud, poud,' beginning to predominate, and they began to separate, and some of them to sit down on the rocks. Supposing it was all over, but not wishing to interfere with them while this excitement lasted, we returned to the ship to report the matter. Throughout the affair, there appeared to us to be 'more talk than work,' though at first I thought it was going to be a 'very pretty fight.' About an hour after I got on board, a large canoe came from Keriam, containing both Mammoos and Seewai, and many of their followers. As they came up, they shouted 'poud! poud! poud Mammoos, poud Seewai;' and both parties seemed very glad it was over. Several of them were slightly scarred with arrow marks, some on the chest and neck; and Mammoos had a pretty sharp cut on the elbow, that looked like the blow of a hatchet. This Dr. Muirhead dressed for him, and he did not seem to think much of it. From some of the other marks, several of them had evidently had a very narrow escape. It seemed as if they had seen the arrow coming, and avoided it by twisting the body as the Australians avoid spears. They brought for sale several of their war arrows that had been used and spoilt in the skirmish. These were much larger and finer than any we had before seen, being highly carved and ornamented, and having a small bone point and barb, like that on the Australian spear, but smaller. We found that several of the men had now petticoats like the women, worn either to deceive their enemies in the battle, or else put on to come on board ship with, for the purpose of concealing plunder. We actually detected one or two putting them to the latter use, and as this morning we lost both our carving knives out of the gun-room, we vehemently suspected master Duppa, whom we afterwards remembered to have seen prowling about below wearing a petticoat. Both Mammoos and Seewai now said they would go with us to Dowdee if we would stay till to-morrow, as the women were out collecting ketai in order to take with them as sea stock, and Captain Blackwood determined to give them another trial."

Having landed at a Dowdee village, our voyagers enter one of the houses composing it; —the dimensions of which greatly surprised them.—

"The house, or whatever it might be called, was raised from the muddy ground about six feet, resting on a number of posts placed irregularly underneath it, most of which seemed to be stumps of trees, cut off at that height and left standing. The floor raised upon these seemed to consist of poles fastened across a framework, on which were laid loose planks, made apparently of the outer rind of the sago-palm, split open and flattened and dried. This floor was perfectly level and smooth, and felt firm and stable to the foot. It was about thirty feet in width, and upwards of three hundred feet long. Mr. Walsh and I both stepped it from end to end, and I made it 109 and he 110 paces long; both our paces were long ones, and I know my own to be upwards of three feet. The roof was formed of an arched frame-work

of bamboo, covered with an excellent thatch of the leaves of the sago-palm. It was sixteen or eighteen feet high in the centre, from which it sloped down on either hand to the floor. It was perfectly water-proof, as, though it was still raining hard, not a drop came through. The end walls were upright, made of bamboo poles, close together, and at each end were three doorways, having the form of a gothic arch, the centre being the largest. The inside of the house looked just like a great tunnel. Down each side was a row of cabins: each of these was of a square form, projecting about ten feet, having walls of bamboo reaching from the floor to the roof, and accessible at the side by a small door very neatly made of split bamboo. Inside these cabins we found low frames, covered with mats, apparently bed-places, and over head were shelves and pegs on which were bows and arrows, baskets, stone axes, drums, and other matters. In each cabin was a fire-place (a patch of clay), over which was a small frame of sticks, as before mentioned, about two feet high, three feet long, and a foot wide, as if for hanging something to cook or dry over the fire. A stock of dry fire-wood was also observed in each cabin on a shelf over head. One or two of these fire-places were also scattered about in different parts of the sides of the house. Between each two cabins was a small doorway, about three feet high, closed by a neatly made door or shutter of split bamboo, from which a little ladder gave access to the ground outside the house. At each end of the house was the stage or balcony mentioned before, being merely the open ends of the floor outside the end walls, on which the cross poles were bare or not covered with planks. The roof, however, projected over these stages, both at the sides, and much more overhead, protruding forward at the gable, something like the poke of a lady's bonnet, but more pointed. Inside, all the centre of the house, for about a third of its width, was kept quite clear, forming a noble covered promenade."

We shall return to these amusing volumes, for further examples of the valuable information in which they abound.

Paddiana; or, Scraps and Sketches of Irish Life, Present and Past. By the Author of 'A Hot Water Cure.' 2 vols. Bentley.

THIS work contains the matter of one slight volume stretched "a double debt to pay," by aid of more than one hundred pages of "Irish History" appended as a make-weight. Slight though it be, however, and not guiltless of impertinence of style, it has one redeeming merit—that of giving a cheerful view of Irish life; and of not being devoted exclusively to those scenes of dismal suffering which, as we recently observed in the case of 'The Macdermots of Ballycloran,' seem of late to have monopolized all the observation of Hibernian novelists and travellers. This quality gives to 'Paddiana' a savour distinct from that belonging to raciness of style or novelty of matter: just as a good-humoured commonplace person is sometimes felt to be a godsend after we have been keeping company with strong talkers who have convinced us how the world is coming to an end,—or fastidious reasoners who prove that it is base to be easily pleased; and who demolish, with professional relish, all our small and (possibly) Epicurean satisfaction in "things as they are." Thus warned that the merit of 'Paddiana' lies in contrast with former books rather than in any intrinsic virtue of its own, the reader will not be surprised that we have no better taste of its quality to offer than the following:—

"Soon after supper 'knocking' commenced. As the English reader may not understand the word 'knock' in its Irish sense, some explanation may be necessary; and I will give an example, as more explanatory than a definition. Mr. Magma says to Mr. Farrell, 'I challenge your grey horse, Moses.' Whereupon Mr. Farrell challenges any article of Mr. Magma's which he feels inclined to take in exchange for Moses,—say a Rigby gun. An arbitrator, acquainted with the respective value of the property at stake, is appointed, who, taking into consideration that Moses is a screw and the gun a new and good

one, awards that the horse shall pay the gun ten pounds. He directs the parties to put 'hands in pockets—draw': whereupon Messrs. Magma and Farrell, having inserted their hands in their waistcoat pockets, draw them out closed; and if, upon their being opened, it shall appear that both have held money, the exchange of the gun for the horse is a good one, Mr. Farrell handing over to Magma the difference of ten pounds awarded. If neither, or only one holds money, the exchange does not take place; it is no 'knock.' In cases where wearing apparel, watches, snuff-boxes, or anything else on the spot, is 'knocked,' an immediate exchange takes place, so that a man frequently returns at night a very different figure from that which he presented when he went forth, not only in the quantity, but the quality of his habiliments. Sometimes a brace of dogs accompany their new master instead of his coat or waistcoat: or he takes home a 'shocking bad-hat' in place of a satin stock. I have known a man leave his boots behind and carry with him a set of tandem harness. On the present occasion, business commenced by Dan Murphy challenging Mr. Magma's wig, who in return challenged Dan's false collar. The collar was to pay the wig ten shillings. Both held money, but 'the collar was a shirt,' as some one found out, so not easily transferable. A question arose whether the transaction was valid: when the arbitrator decided that as Dan held money he admitted the falsity, and, therefore, transferability of his collar; and if the collar were not false, it ought to be, and must be made false. So a pair of scissors were sent for, and it was taken off on the spot; Mr. Magma adopting the table napkin instead of his wig, which Dan wore over his own bushy hair. A considerable amount of property changed owners: an embroidered waistcoat went against a salmon rod, and the Lottery mare was exchanged for the foxy thoroughbred; Mr. Farrell congratulating himself that he had 'parted the mare.'"

For those who love it, there is more of the same quality in the volume.

The History and Antiquities of the Ancient Town and Port of Rye, in the County of Sussex; with incidental Notices of the Cinque Ports: compiled from Manuscripts and original Authorities. By William Holloway. Smith.

FEW localities in our land have undergone vicissitudes more marked than the Cinque Ports. Of an antiquity antecedent to the Conquest, guarded by charters of large privileges, boasting a numerous and warlike population, and ere long becoming the very cradle of our maritime greatness, it was to these important towns that our earlier Plantagenets always turned for aid against foreign aggression or domestic foemen. The history of any one of these ports, therefore, necessarily opens an interesting chapter in the history of our land; and the good town of Rye, as holding in former times no inferior station among them, advances some claim to our especial notice.

Although bearing the title of "The Cinque Ports," these towns from a very early period were actually seven. The original five ports on which Edward the Confessor conferred especial privileges were Sandwich, Dover, Hythe, Romney and Hastings; but about the middle of the following century we find Winchelsea and Rye admitted to the exercise of the same privileges, and dignified further by the title of "the two ancient towns." All these towns boasted an antiquity, according to some antiquaries, as high as the Roman period. This may be fairly disputed:—but that the Romans, to prevent incursion of enemies, strongly fortified that portion of the coast is certain; and their five fortresses occupied stations very near those of the Cinque Ports. These were—

"Regulium, near Reculvers, at the north-west angle of the Isle of Thanet; of Rutupiae (the modern Richborough), near Sandwich, at the south-east corner of the same; of Dover, of Lim, and of Anderida, all in the county of Kent. Over these was placed an officer to command, called the Count of

the Saxon Shore. This took place in the fifth century. Some have supposed (and very reasonably, as we think) that these five forts were the origin of the Five Ports or Cinque Ports. Here were five forts erected for the express purpose of defending the south-eastern coasts from the incursions of foreign foes; and six hundred years afterwards Edward the Confessor incorporated the same number of ports in the same south-eastern coast, and, wherever the unaltered state of the country would allow, some of the very same places, as thus, Sandwich took the place of Rutupie; Dover retained its original position; Hythe succeeded to Lim; while Romney and Hastings were selected to supply the loss of Regulbium and Anderida, from the latter of which the sea had then considerably receded. And it is rather singular, as still marking this as a vulnerable part of the kingdom, that in this present year (1844) a commission has been issued by the Government for the express purpose of selecting the best situations on this very south-eastern coast, for the formation of harbours of refuge, into which vessels may run at all times of tide, for protection from contrary winds and storms, and also in time of war from capture by the enemy, for the attaining of which latter object the commissioners are particularly directed to choose such localities as may offer good capabilities of defence.

From the period of the accession of the Plantagenets the importance of these ports increased; and their peculiar service—such as providing fifty-seven ships, well manned, at their own cost “for fifteen days, at the summons of us, or of our heirs,” and the honourable office of the personal service of their barons, at coronations, with the canopy and staves and bells—we are inclined to assign to the reign of the first of that race. Under John, the mariners of the Cinque Ports distinguished themselves as his adherents,—strangely enough, considering that from the various rules of their respective customs they were of undoubted Saxon race. During the long and turbulent reign of his son, they took sometimes the side of the king and sometimes that of the people. An amusing chapter might be written on the feuds of these haughty mariners with the merchants of London during this reign; for Matthew Paris and Wykes record many a contest that proves how bitter was the feeling of rivalry between the “barons” of the Cinque Ports and the “barons” of the chief city. That, whatever advantage they might be to the king, they were a sore annoyance to the London traders, will be evident when we remember not only that the vessels of the Cinque Ports kept watch over the narrow seas, and consequently could intercept the London ships bound to the south of France, but that “the barons and good men thereof” had the right of going to and from Great Yarmouth during the fishing season,—and thus were passing and repassing the mouth of the Thames, sorely, as we often find, to the vexation of the London traders toward the north. From a period long antecedent to legal record, it appears that the Cinque Ports possessed the right not only of fishing during the herring season at Great Yarmouth, but of possessing a “stronde” or landing-place, and some marshy ground whereon their nets were dried. Probably these privileges may be traced up to the time when Kent formed one of the Saxon kingdoms, and before Great Yarmouth was a town: but, in process of time, fishermen from all the neighbouring parts, as well as from the opposite coast, assembled; and then stringent laws became necessary—which we scarcely need say were frequently broken—for the regulation of the great fair annually held here.—

“The fishing season was supposed to last for forty days, during which time a fair was held for the purpose of disposing of the fish; and as, in consequence of this large assemblage of people, frequent disputes and disturbances would naturally arise, the Cinque Ports and ancient towns, at their brotherhood (of which court we shall speak more fully hereafter), yearly appointed certain officers, called bailiffs, whose

duty it was to proceed to Yarmouth, and there remain during the forty days allowed for the fair to be holden. These officers were appointed in the following manner:—each port elected one and sent him to the brotherhood, which was a representative assembly composed of the mayors, certain jurats, and barons, from the several towns, when he appeared before them, and, if approved of, was then and there sworn into his office, and, if not approved of, was rejected. * * As Yarmouth began to increase in size and importance, which it did in or before the time of Edward I., the inhabitants assumed a degree of authority at the fair, and also disputed the rights of the portsmen to the full and free appropriation of the dens and strond. This town now had a corporation, presided over and regulated by a provost and bailiffs, and, I presume, considered it derogatory to their dignity that any other officers but themselves should exercise authority within their precincts.”

King Edward issued, therefore, an ordinance, which proves the high standing of “the barons of the Cinque Ports;” for, among other tokens of their authority, they were to have during the fair “four sergeants,—whereof one to bear our banner, another to blow a horn for to assemble the people, and the other two to bear rods for to keep our peace: and these offices they may do on horseback, if they will.” The great extent and importance of this fair is proved by the directions respecting beacon-fires; which were to be carefully lighted and kept up for the security of the vessels arriving by night:—and that the number of these amounted to many hundreds, Mr. Holloway proves from the yearly sum paid to the Cinque Ports in lieu of the four pence which these haughty mariners were allowed to levy on each vessel entering. An incidental notice in this ordinance proves how general, even in Edward the First’s reign, was the cultivation of vines. It is, that the proper officers should make inquest four times in the year,—“one in the time of the vintage.” The feuds, notwithstanding these royal mandates, kept continually increasing between the inhabitants of Great Yarmouth and the mariners of the Cinque Ports: until, as the power of the latter declined while the former increased in wealth and importance, the Cinque Ports about the middle of the seventeenth century wholly yielded up their privileges.

“The Customal of Rye,” which is transcribed from an old copy in the British Museum, is a very curious document; proving how tenacious our forefathers were of the principle of self-government and of open and popular election. Some of the entries are curious, too, as illustrating the opinion which has been advanced by Sir F. Palgrave,—that jurors were originally not judges, but witnesses. Here is the form of taking sanctuary:—

“And, when any man taketh the degree of the holy church, the mayor (as coroner) shall go unto him to inquire the cause why he runneth to the holy church; and, if he will acknowledge his felony, let it be recorded, and immediately he loseth all his goods and chattels as forfeited, of the which the mayor shall answer unto the town; and, if he will, he may remain in the church and churchyard by the space of forty days, and, at the end of forty days, he shall forsake the land. And he, sitting upon the churchyard-stile, before the mayor, shall his own self choose his port of passage, and, in case he will make his abjuration within forty days, he shall be accepted, and anon, the abjuration done, he shall take cross; and the mayor shall do to be proclaimed, in the king’s name, that no man, upon the pain of life and member, shall do him harm or molestation, all the while he keepeth the king’s highway towards the port that he hath chosen for his passage.”

The following is curious:—but it emphatically proves that the office of mayor, with all its honours, was not always coveted in these turbulent times.—

“The punishment for refusing to execute the office of mayor when elected was, in Rye, ‘to beat down

his chief tenement.’ In Dover the commons were ‘to draw down his chief message.’ In Sandwich the commonalty, after three notices, were ‘to pull down his house;’ but if the house he lived in was not his own, then he was to be disfranchised, and never to be restored to his freedom until he submitted to the commonalty. In Romney, when any one chosen to be a magistrate for the year, for the governance of the town, refused to act, ‘the bailiff and commons went to his house and put him out of it, together with his wife, his children, and his servants, made fast the windows, sealed the doors, and sequestered his goods and chattels;’ and if he broke in upon his property he was imprisoned until he made agreement with the commons. In Winchelsea the commons were to go and ‘shut in his chief tenement.’”

As the crowning glory of the town of Rye, the last entry in the Customal refers to the prerogatives of the barons of the Cinque Ports at the coronation of the king or queen.—

“Item. The Barons of the Five Ports owe to be summoned, in the king and queen’s coronation, by writing forty days before the coronation; and of all the ports there must come thirty-two Barons all in one clothing, and they shall bear the cloth over the king and over the queen, with four spears, of the colour of silver, and four little bells gilt, having above the cloth, which is called the pall, and shall come from the King’s Treasury; and at every each of these four spears shall be attending four Barons of the said Ports; and, the said day, the said Barons of the Ports shall eat in the king’s hall at dinner, next unto the king or queen at the right hand.—God save Englonde and the Towne of Rye!”

The last time this service was performed was at the coronation of George the Fourth, when two barons of the town of Rye attended, arrayed in the unaccustomed bravery of Spanish hat and feather, scarlet satin vest, trunk hose of blue satin slashed with scarlet, red silk stockings, white kid shoes, and surtout of dark blue satin—a dress, we suppose, according to the melodramatic taste of the monarch, but certainly altogether unknown to English usage. This piece of folly was, however, sufficiently expensive,—each dress costing 84l. 10s. 6d.!

We have an excellent chapter on the parliamentary history of Rye;—tracing the steps by which a free borough became changed into a close corporation, so bound to its patron that during the Newcastle administration it was a current saying that if the Duke sent one of his coach-horses to Rye the obedient burgesses would elect him as their member. Mr. Holloway exults in the change produced by the Reform Bill; which, so far from doing away with time-hallowed usages, as its opponents declared, has restored to many an ancient borough its long lost privileges.—There is little of interest in the history of the town of Rye separate from its connexion with the Cinque Ports. In the fourteenth century it was burnt by the French; and about eighty years after, it again sustained severe damage from the same enemies. Thus, few towns of equal antiquity present fewer remains than Rye. Unlike some other of the Cinque Ports, the parish of Rye has increased of late years by the recession of the sea. One farm which in 1701 was rated at 5l., in 1831 was rated, in consequence of the increase of land, at 124l. for 168 acres. Although other causes may be assigned for the decay of the Cinque Ports, still the chief has been the great alteration of the coast; which, while it has rendered some of their inland towns, has swept away others. Perhaps no other portion of the English coast has undergone more injurious changes.—

“Sandwich, the most eastern of the Cinque Ports, which in ancient times possessed a good and capacious harbour, now has its commerce restricted to such only as can be carried on by means of vessels of very small burden.—Dover still has a harbour, but which is incapable of admitting any ship of war; and when the south-west gales come on, in the winter season, so great a bar of beach is thrown up at its

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mouth, that then even vessels of the smallest dimensions cannot run in. — West Hythe, the original Cinque Port, is now two or three miles inland; while its successor, the modern Hythe, though on the coast, has no harbour. — Romney, once the queen of the Ports, is now upwards of a mile from the sea, without a single creek or inlet to connect her with it. — Old Winchelsea owes her destruction to the influx of the sea; while New Winchelsea dates her decay from the time of reflux. — Rye, in whose harbour, in the reign of Charles II., a sixty-four gun ship could ride in safety, will now admit no vessel of more than two hundred tons burden. — Hastings lies on the main, but has no harbour; and no vessel ever lies ashore on her beach, for the purpose of delivering her cargo, but runs the risk of being wrecked should a gale of wind unlookingly come on while she is there. Of this danger every year gives many unhappy proofs. — Such is the present state of the once flourishing harbours of the Cinque Ports and ancient towns; and two hundred years have now elapsed since the Barons were last called upon to perform their service of shipping, and nearly the same length of time since they sent their bailiffs to Yarmouth, and since their fishermen steered their boats to the shores of Norfolk."

The following account of the Rye roads may be amusing in this age of quick travelling. — "The nearest point of main land on the north was the foot of Rye Hill, which is distant from the Landgate 840 feet. The deed specifying the resumption of the towns of Rye and Winchelsea out of the hands of the abbot and monks of Fescamp by Henry III., bears the date of May 15th, 1247. In this deed allusion is made in the description of the boundaries of the town to the King's highway, which we have shown satisfactorily (as we think) to be the present road leading up Rye Hill. But this document seems to quote these boundaries as those specified in the original grant of Edward the Confessor to the abbey of Fescamp; and if so, then this road existed as long back as the middle of the eleventh century, that is, 200 years before the date of the resumption. But though the King's highway led up Rye Hill 800 years ago, it was a road very different from our present notions of such a convenient means of transit. It was then nothing more than a deep ravine, furrowed out between two high hills by the waters, which, in wet seasons, found their way down it into the sea. But bad as this road was, the inhabitants of Rye had no communication therewith, except by means of boats, for some centuries after the time of the Confessor. The first mention we have of a road from Rye to the foot of the hill is in 40 Edward III. A.D. 1366, when the marshes at the north side of the town are said to have been bounded on the east by the King's highway which leadeth from Playden to Rye. Although a connecting path was now formed between the island and the continent, yet, for many centuries after this, it was liable to be overflowed at high water. However, here was a road, and the town was no longer insulated. Up this miry hill did the rippers of Rye, for many a century, wend their way to London, carrying on horses' backs their pantries, well stored with fish for the king's table, and to gratify the palates of other epicures in the metropolis. But though this part of the road to London was bad enough, we may suppose that farther up it was worse, as James Wilford, a ripper of Rye, left an annuity of 7*l.* in the year 1526, to be laid out in repairing the ruinous part of the high road between River Hill, in the county of Kent, and Northiam Church, in the county of Sussex. If we pass on to the next century, we shall find Jeake giving us still an indifferent account of the roads in this direction. In 1682 a coach ran from Tunbridge to London one day, returning the next, occupying ten hours in the accomplishment of the thirty miles between the two places. In 1686 Jeake set off on horseback, at half-past eight in the morning of January 23rd, for London. He reached Lamberhurst about two in the afternoon, not very speedily travelling, only twenty-three miles in five hours and a half. He tells us he left Lamberhurst at three, and about half-past five in the afternoon, while riding in the forest between Woodgate and Tunbridge, in moonshine, the tracks being bad and uneven, and he another of his company (for people in those days generally travelled together for the sake of security) lost the rest of

their companions, and the ground being so rugged and full of holes, freezed, he thought it best to alight and lead his horse, until he met with a pretty good track, when he mounted again. On July 5th, 1693, he informs us that he left London in the coach for Tunbridge, which last place he reached in eleven hours. In the early part of the eighteenth century the road down Rye Hill was so indifferent, that corn was frequently brought into the town on horses' backs. Some years previous to the making a turnpike-road from London to Rye, the travelling this way was so bad, that it is said some gentleman, wishing to go to town in winter, was under the necessity of going all round by Hythe. Newenden bridge was probably not then built; and when the floods were out, the crossing of the Rother at this place, in a carriage, must have been extremely dangerous, if not impossible."

Of the Mr. Jeake mentioned in the foregoing extract we have an interesting account in the chapter devoted to the biography of some of the townsmen; and selections from his son's diary, which afford curious illustrations of the palmy days of the "glorious Restoration." The elder Jeake was known as the compiler of the Charters of the Cinque Ports. This book was not published until after his death; but it is considered to be a very valuable legal work. Jeake was chosen town clerk in 1651; — and, as an adherent of the great Protector, naturally aroused the enmity of the cavalier party against him at the Restoration. The virulence of their persecution and its long continuance afford additional proof of the determination of Charles the Second and his minions to crush the remains of English liberty. The old man, however, lived to rejoice in the expulsion of the Stuarts; and his son, as strongly attached to religious freedom as his father, signalized the event by naming his son, born about that time, "Manasseh" — "that is forgetfulness, hoping that God had now made me to forget all my trials." This Samuel Jeake, the younger, kept a minute diary; and, from the extracts given here, we should think it would throw great light upon the domestic and local usages of the times, — as well as afford many illustrative traits of our forefathers in the seventeenth century. We must find room for the following; there is something very amusing in the quaint formality of the offer: —

"June 7th, 1680. Resolved to seek Mrs. Elizabeth Hartshorn, of the age of 12 years 8 months, in marriage, with the consent of her mother Mrs. Barbara Hartshorn, of Rye, and this day, about 3 h. p.m., went to her house to mention it; but prevented by company from a convenient opportunity. — 8th. About 1 p.m. went again, and finding Mrs. Barbara Hartshorn alone, had a fit opportunity to propose it immediately, which was accepted and the portion agreed. — These preliminaries being arranged, he proceeds: 'June 14th. About 30 m. p. 1. p.m. went to Mrs. Barbara Hartshorn's, having her consent to propose it to her daughter, Mrs. Elizabeth Hartshorn, for whom I had an affection from her infancy. My first motion was, as I remember, to this effect: "My dear lady, the deep impression your person and virtues have made upon my mind oblige me to become your servant; and I beseech you, Madam, be pleased to return me the favour of having a place in your heart." "Sir (said she), it is so weighty a business that I am not capable of returning you an answer without a long time of consideration." — Having proceeded thus far in his negotiation, he shows the position of the stars at the time to be favourable to such addresses as he was then engaged in. He was not allowed to remain long in suspense, for, on the 16th June, he received the declared consent of the daughter; and, all matters being thus far arranged, he goes on to tell us: 'July 12th, about 2 p.m. (the writings concerning the marriage being sealed just before by Mrs. Barbara Hartshorn and myself), I was betrothed or contracted to her daughter (Mrs. Elizabeth Hartshorn) in the presence of my father and her mother, Mr. Michael Cadman and Mr. Thomas Miller, in form following,

viz.: Taking her by the right hand, I said, I, Samuel, take thee, Elizabeth, to be my betrothed wife, and do promise to make thee my wedded wife in time convenient, in token whereof is this our holding by the hand. Then, loosing my hand, she took me by my right hand, and repeating the same words, mutatis mutandis! — In the following year the marriage was solemnized, as appears from the following extract: — 1681, March 1st. About 35 m. p. 9 a.m. I was married to Mrs. Elizabeth Hartshorn, at Rye, by Mr. Bruce, in the presence of Mr. Thomas Miller, Nathaniel Hartshorn (brother to my wife), and the sexton, we going, though in the daytime, yet so much incognito that there was no concourse or notice taken either of our going or coming. The day was cloudy, but calm. The sun shone out just at tying the nuptial-knot, and also just at its setting."

The work has been got up with much care; — and does, we think, great credit to the author.

Military Services and Adventures in the Far East; including Sketches of the Campaigns against the Afghans in 1839, and the Sikhs in 1845-6. By a Cavalry Officer. Ollier.

Two light, airy, and attractive volumes; written in a flippant tone and dashing style, not unsuited to the compositions of one evidently more accustomed to handle the sword than the pen — to bridle the fury of a war-horse than to rein-in the suggestions of an impetuous fancy; exhibiting a pertness in the lighter passages, which, whether it tell against the writer or for him, is mostly amusing; and in the more serious portions — when recounting the dangers and difficulties of dreary marches through barren countries under a vertical sun and with enemies on every side, or describing the stirring incidents of the siege, the storm, the skirmish and the battle, — having a direct and impetuous earnestness which pictures the scene with the reality of a no contemptible dramatic power. The work is marked with the peculiar idiosyncrasies of the Englishman and the soldier — lively anecdote and curious remark: and altogether, although the ground has often been traversed and described before, it is written with so much spirit and freshness as, to make it agreeable reading for an idle hour.

As a pleasant introduction to the volumes themselves, we extract a few random passages: — leaving the reader to turn to the continuous narrative or otherwise, as his relish for the kind of literary aliment may determine him.

The author thus describes his first night on the shores of Hindústan, and the nocturnal enemies which disturbed his repose. —

"We came to anchor, on the third morning after quitting Kedgere, under the walls of Fort William, and found H.M.'s 3rd Dragoons encamped on the glacis. About four in the afternoon, the heat having considerably abated, we disembarked, and marched into the Fort, where quarters had been provided for our men, though none for the officers, as the brigade-major informed us, at the same time stating, that as a difference of opinion existed on that subject between himself and the fort-major, we must wait until he (of the Queen's) had craftily overcome him (of the Company's), and induced the latter individual to house us. There is an old proverb about a man between two stools being likely to come to the ground, which was fully illustrated in our case, for, both of our supports for a night's rest in Fort William having given way, we came to the earth, though fortunately in the tents of the 3rd Dragoons, immediately under the walls of the fort, where our fall was kindly broken by cloaks spread on the ground to receive us. I was composing myself to sleep as comfortably as circumstances would permit, when suddenly a volley of screams, as though proceeding from the lungs of ten thousand demons, caused me to start on my feet, supposing the camp to have been invaded by the infernal regions. My host, lying in the opposite recess of the tent, being a man of some days' experience, begged me not to disturb myself, as it was only the

jackals.—“Only the jackals!” but they are pretty nearly enough to murder sleep, I thought, as I laid myself down to await the cessation of their intolerable howls. Silence at length ensued, and I was just falling asleep, when a low gurgling noise arose close to my ears, and continued with the most monotonous regularity: “Good heaven!” I cried, after listening intently for a few minutes, “that must come from the diabolical bandicoots, of which I have often heard from old Indians.” I drew my sword, and awaited their advance in a violent perspiration, for I have an insuperable abhorrence to the whole rat tribe; but they had no intention of coming to close quarters. No, their cursed pipes sounded the advance, unheeded by the main body. My enemies, nevertheless, seemed to be mustering; for the gurgle was taken up by a re-inforcement from the opposite side of the tent, interrupted occasionally by a low, muttering sound:

Jam jam efficaci do manus scientie.

“I submit; it is impossible to sleep through this interminable persecution, and a man’s days in this climate must be necessarily short without rest!” Thus I exclaimed, as, jumping up, I threw my cloak aside, and paced the tent in a fever, saluted incessantly by the unearthly gurgle. My friend lay on the opposite side, sleeping as calmly as if there were no such things in the world to torture us as jackals or bandicoots. The morning was just breaking, and I stepped out of the tent, in hope of being taken for a ghost by the jackals, and thus retaliating by fright on a portion of my enemies—when, lo! the veil of mystery was withdrawn, and there sat two Hindoos smoking the pipe of the country, commonly known by the name of hubble-bubble, which noisy instruments I had mistaken all night for the bandicoots. This was too absurd. I burst into a fit of laughter, which awakened my friend, who hastily joined me, when I related my grievance. Having silenced the smokers, I soon enjoyed the rest I had almost despaired of attaining.”

Our author was soon marched off to the north-western provinces, in the neighbourhood of the Himalayah mountains:—which of course he visited, and describes.—

“Our party, consisting of three officers of my regiment and myself, started on the evening of 1st of August, and having halted during the heat of the next day at a house on the road, erected for the convenience of travellers by government, we reached the foot of the hills at daybreak on the 3rd instant. We remained at a small inn recently established there, awaiting an interval in the torrents of rain which were descending, before we commenced our ascent. After the greater part of the day had passed without the occurrence of this lucid interval, I started with one of our party to mount the precipitous hills which towered above us, enveloped in mist. We procured two sturdy little mountain-ponies, that despised our weight, and, dashing through the torrents of rain, breasted the rough acclivity. The mountains from Rajpore rise abruptly in a constant succession of sharp and lofty peaks, whose sides from beneath appear nearly perpendicular. The roads, which are about two yards in breadth, are cut round the sides of the mountains, and winding by a gradual ascent round some, conduct you slowly upwards; on others, the circuit being impeded, or too extensive for the former system, a zig-zag road is made, to bring you more rapidly, though much more laboriously, to their brow, whence a ridge frequently stretches across to the adjacent mountains. The spirited little hill-ponies carried us fearlessly across these narrow passes, on each side of which a yawning abyss frequently descends, till lost to sight amid the gloomy shade of the rocks and shrubs projecting from its sides; whilst the mountain torrents, roaring above and beneath, and frequently dashing in their impetuous course across the path you are pursuing, present a wild and magnificent sight. Night had far advanced, and our ponies began to exhibit unequivocal symptoms of weariness from their severe toil, when we arrived at the hotel, then standing at Mussouri, for the reception of travellers. Here we soon divested ourselves of our well-soaked garments, and enjoyed the unusual Eastern luxury of a blazing fire. Next morning, the weather having cleared up, I sallied forth to enjoy the varied and beautiful scenery, and scrambled to the summit of Landour, which stands about 7,000

feet above the level of the sea. On the front, towered the Tyne range, about 10,000 feet in height, and far beyond these, Jumnotri and Gangotri, whence flow the sources of the Jumna and Ganges, are visible, their summits glittering with everlasting snow, from an elevation of 24,000 feet. On the right of this barrier of eternal snow, was dimly visible the peak of Dwalagiri, whose hoary heights, though untrod by the foot of mortal man, have been measured by his ingenuity, and pronounced to be the loftiest in the world. Dazzled with the resplendent and gorgeous scene, whose reflection from the morning sun became too much for the eye to endure, I turned to look down on the beautiful and fertile valley of the Doune, which lay stretched beneath, and through which the Ganges, extricating itself from the mountains, rushed, in its turbid and meandering course, into the plains; whilst on the other side of the same fairy valley, the clear and stately Jumna flowed majestically onwards, to unite its crystal waters with its sister river at Allahabad. The scenery here is excessively striking to the traveller, on account of the miserably barren and uninteresting flats he must traverse ere reaching these mountains, which nature appears to have raised to a stupendous elevation, in atonement for her negligence to other parts of Hindostan. The mild climate of these regions has rendered them a favourite resort, during the summer months, for the families of those eking out their eastern servitude; and many neat villas, partaking more of the character of European than of Asiatic architecture, ornament the sides and summits of Landour and Mussouri. The woods, which cover with great luxuriance the lower ranges of hills, from the base to the summit, constitute the principal beauty of the mountains. The trees most abundant near Landour are the oak and rhododendron; the latter grows to a large size, and produces a rich crimson flower, far exceeding in size and brilliancy of colour the shrub producing that blossom in England; and in the spring so great is its abundance, that it appears to cast a ruddy hue on the sides of the mountains. In the interior of the mountains, I have seen, growing wild, almost every kind of fruit tree met with in Europe. Here is also a very beautiful and gigantic fir growing in the higher altitudes, termed the deodar, which is peculiar, I believe, to the Himalayahs, and much valued for its durable properties when used in building.”

Like most other Englishmen, especially those of the military profession, our officer is a devoted sportsman:—and the ranges of the Himalayah afford considerable opportunities for the gratification of this passion. Sitting at ease in our critical chair, we find it difficult, however, to get up any intense interest in the “perils by flood and field;”—and feel disposed rather to smile at the chagrin of the disappointed sportsman when misfortunes of the following kind overwhelm him, than to sympathize in his ill-concealed mortification.—

“I had remained perched on my rock, contemplating the scene for a considerable time without being called upon to use my weapons, when suddenly a noble tehr* stood before me, his long dun hair hanging in ringlets over his body, and his head erect, listening to the cries of the beaters, now growing faint in the distance. I hastily snatched up my rifle, (as I thought,) and taking a steady aim at his shoulder, fired. Though barely forty yards from me, to my utter surprise, he dashed away unharmed, and in two minutes I saw him bounding at full speed along the ridge of a hill nearly a mile off. Turning away in silent disgust, I felt almost inclined to vent my anger on the rifle, but discovered that, in the haste of the moment, in lieu of the rifle I had snatched up a fowling-piece loaded with shot. Having lost an opportunity such as is rarely met with in tehr shooting, for they rank among the wildest of mountain game, I descended the hill in search of my companions, but they were far away, and I contented myself with the pursuit of small game. At nightfall, our party straggled into camp, having all had but poor sport, which was a trifling consolation to me.”

For the information of such of our readers as, discontented with the paucity of sport in the Scotch Highlands, contemplate a trip to the

heights and gorges of the Himalayah during the shooting season, we present the following carte of the entertainment to be calculated on.—

“Many kinds of deer are to be found amongst the mountains, and an endless variety of the feathered tribe, amongst which the most remarkable are the distinct species of pheasants which haunt the mountains, the species varying with the altitude; but this subject is rather too plentiful a theme for the present narrative, and must be left to competent ornithologists. The Jerrow, or maha, is the noblest specimen of the stag to be met with, and may be ranked as the elk of the Himalayah. He stands from four to five feet in height; his colour is a rich brown, and his antlers, branching into six on each side, have obtained for him the name of bara singh* in the plains. During the day time, they usually lie in the heaviest jungle; but at morning and evening they may be seen grazing in the rich pastures, and usually in pairs. The Jerrow, as he stalks majestically through the woods, bearing proudly aloft his high branching antlers, looks the undisputed monarch of the mountain forests. The next in size to the Jerrow is a deer about three and half feet in height at full growth, and termed the Surrow. He is of a dark hue, with short deflected horns, thickly built, and with coarse bristling hair, much like the wild hog. His head and shoulders resemble a donkey ornamented with a horse’s mane and a goat’s horns. This scarce and singular beast has a spirit in proportion to his deformity. His habitation is among the gloomiest rocks and caverns, and when roused from his solitude he prepares readily for the conflict, and charges with desperate ferocity. I remember an encounter between a brother officer and a sportsman, in the hills, and a surrow, which he had wounded, which nearly proved serious to the gallant and athletic soldier. M.—threw himself upon the wounded animal, when he charged, and seized him in his iron grasp, so as to pinion the surrow and prevent his making use of his deadly antlers. The struggle continued a long time; the deer ultimately succeeded in getting his head free, and immediately struck savagely backwards with his horns, when M.—narrowly escaped the fatal stroke, and casting himself sideways, grasped the surrow’s neck with one arm, so that he could not use his horns with effect, while with the other he succeeded in drawing a clasp knife, which put an end to the contest. Besides the animals above-mentioned, the Himalayahs can show to the persevering sportsman the small kaukur, or barking deer, the musk-deer, the hog-deer, and in the snowy regions, the ibex, and burral, or wild sheep. The tiger and leopard frequent the deepest valleys of the lower ranges, and, late in the autumn, the bear-shooting of these mountains will rank with any sport that is to be met with in India.”

The tocsin of war soon called our cavalry officer to a more dangerous kind of battle. Disagreement amongst politicians and diplomatists at a distance precipitated the British armies of Hindustan upon Scinde and Afghanistan. On the political demerits of that invasion, our author expresses a strong opinion:—but the question still at issue betwixt Sir Charles Napier and Colonel Outram is not of that kind on which the *Athenæum* undertakes to pronounce an opinion. Our author served in that campaign, as well as in that against the Sikhs: and though many have painted the glories and sufferings of those brilliant achievements, few have done so with more vividness and spirit. Here is a graphic description of breaking up a camp.—

“The breaking up of a long-standing camp is a scene of no trifling bustle and confusion. The previous day is usually one of considerable trouble to those who have suffered their marching-establishment to get out of order; and when it is requisite to replace a camel or a bullock, the new comer, even if found (and that is generally at a ruinous price), not unfrequently evinces the most marked repugnance to tents or bullock-trunks. Yet, however great the difficulty, the peremptory necessity of the habitation

* The tehr is a mountain goat.

* Bara singh—twelve horns.

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being moved before next morning, causes all to be prepared at sunset, either by a reduction of baggage, or increase of cattle, save the more provident campaigners, who rectify such deficiencies without delay. The earliest practicable hours are kept by all off duty, and two hours after sunset the camp (if well regulated) is quiet enough, unless a horse breaks loose and sets the whole brigade in a state of ferment; for all seem to take a deep interest in the progress of any mad animal who tears through the camp, with ropes and pegs flying in wild confusion about his heels. As night advances, even these stray madcaps betake themselves to rest, and the quiet is only disturbed by the hourly tramp of patrols, or the challenge of a sentry. This gloom and stillness are suddenly dispated by the shrill startling blast of the trumpet, wakening all around to consciousness and activity. The loud and continued neigh from the pickets, and the angry remonstrances of the camels, amidst the extensive buzz of human voices and barking of dogs, tell that man and brute are both aware of the time having come for their allotted duties. Sticks and dry grass raked into pyramids are sending forth volumes of smoke in one place, and in another are rising into high crackling fires, round which may be seen groups of dusky figures squatted together, inhaling their morning hookahs, or spreading their long bony hands to the flames, and listlessly regarding their more assiduous brethren occupied in striking the tents, or fitting loads on the backs of the beasts of burden. But think not, my lazy fire-worshipper, this indolence is unobserved; the eye of the occupant of yonder tent is upon you: he advances softly towards the fire, his arm is raised, and the descending little causes a momentary scene of flight and confusion which is immediately succeeded by a zealous attention to duty, proving the salutary force of the *argumentum ad baculum*. Although this is not an orthodox, logical, or even legal argument, it is, nevertheless, frequently used in India, and is generally conclusive. Next morning, the voice, unaccompanied by manual exercise, will produce the desired effect. The loads being packed, and all the tents, save three or four lazy stragglers, having disappeared, the second trumpet sends its shrill echoes through the lines, and gives warning that the treadmill will soon be at work. Beware of that camel's mouth gaping close to your hand in the dark, or he will spoil it for holding a rein or a sabre; and beware the treacherous tent-peg, which lurks in savage gloom for the shins of the unwary. 'It is no use cursing the peg. Why did you not get out of its way when you found it was not inclined to get out of yours?' cries a facetious neighbour, as you stoop to rub the lacerated shin, and narrowly escape being trampled by an elephant, who is hustling off with a few hundred weight of canvas and tent-poles hanging about him. The third trumpet and a cup of boiling coffee generally accompanied each other, if your khansanah belong to the right Dean Swift's breed; and it is no punishment to insist on his drinking it himself—the man would swallow a cup of cayenne and fire, without winking. The troops are formed in dusky masses on their alarm-posts; the commanding-officer rides along the line; the word of command is given, and passed down the squadrons; the welcome note for the march is heard, and the tramping of the steeds raises an impenetrable cloud of dust around the column, as we cheerfully turn our backs on Caubul, most probably for ever; the band prophetically striking up, *Ha til mi tulidh, or something which I mistook for it.*

amongst the feathered tribe are the mountain; but this the present mythology, as the five feet of his antlers, obtained for his. During the scene grazing. The Jerow, looks, the rests. The three and termed the deflected lustling hair, and shoulders of the horse's mane, his miter, his cavera, are ready, ate ferocity, the officer, which he, tious to the new himself, arged, and pinion the his deadly time; the head fire, with his tal stroke, the surron's be his horns succeeded in and to the tioned, the sportsman musk-deer, e ibex, and rd frequent and, late in mountains get with in

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As a specimen of the writer's powers in more serious description, we add his brief account of the storm and capture of Ghuzni:—which, our readers will remember, caused the dissolution of the armies of Dost Mohamed, and laid Afghanistan at the feet of our victorious soldiers.—

"The plan of operations against Ghuzni having now been arranged, general orders directed the troops to move as quietly as possible from their quarters to the allotted positions. About three in the morning the artillery had occupied the heights near the Caubul gate of the fort, and about three hundred yards from the ramparts. The infantry were drawn up in columns of companies on the road beneath the hills, and to the left rear of the artillery. The cavalry were posted round the fort to intercept the retreat of the garrison and the advance of relief. The 16th Lancers

were on the Caubul road, in the rear of the infantry, as a diversion was expected from the enemy's cavalry in the mountains, in favour of the besieged. The morning was exceedingly dark, and all around quiet as death; for the garrison, who had hitherto kept up an almost incessant cannonade, seemed to think they had done enough, and were enjoying repose. We began to imagine that they had used up their ammunition in the past vigorous efforts to alarm us, and that the fort had been evacuated. This oppressive silence was interrupted by the word of command passing down the ranks in a whisper; and the forlorn hope moved to their post near the Caubul gate, to await the result of the engineers' experiment. The bags of powder, amounting to three hundred pounds in weight, were carried by the sappers, supported by a party of European volunteers; and the engineer officers, who placed the powder at the gate, distinctly heard the voices of the Afghan-guard conversing near the gateway. The saucisson was laid, and fired by an officer of the Bengal Engineers. Suddenly, a broad glare lit up the ramparts, and with a smothered, crushing report, the Caubul gate was shattered into innumerable fragments. In one moment, the face of nature seemed to have awoke in uproar. The rushing and confusion in the city and on the ramparts, was accompanied by a hasty and random fire from any gun which could be manned, no matter where it was pointed. The whole city, aroused instantaneously from repose, and yet too late, hurried in confused masses to man the walls, ignorant of the disaster which had befallen the gateway. Then burst from the hills the solemn, majestic roar of our artillery; light flashed upon light in uninterrupted succession, and the shell, sped on its mission of death, curved steadily through the lurid atmosphere. The fort continued a random answer from its guns, and hung out lights from the walls, to discover the locality of their assailants; but this served to direct the fire of our artillery, and the walls were soon cleared of their occupants. The wing of a Native Infantry regiment, posted on the south-eastern front, drew a part of the besieged in that direction, to repel this false attack. Under cover of the artillery fire, sweeping the parapets, Colonel Dennie, leading four light companies from the 2nd, 13th, 17th, and Company's European Regiment, advanced to storm the Caubul gate, closely followed by Brigadier Sale, in command of the main body of the storming party, consisting of the remainder of those four British regiments. The enemy opened a sharp fire of matchlocks upon the advance, and the gateway was found much obstructed with rubbish and splintered beams from the demolished framework. The postern, turning sharply to the right, and leading to the interior of the place, induced an officer in the passage to suppose it blocked up, in consequence of which he took upon himself to order a bugler to sound the retreat; but the advanced party having penetrated into the interior, heard, or heeded not, the recall. Overcoming every obstacle, the gallant Britons rushed, with a loud cheer through the postern, at whose entrance they were met by a body of Afghan desperadoes, who had thrown themselves devotedly into this passage, resolved to defend it with their lives. Here, the struggle was short, but deadly. Armed with sword and daggers, each Afghan fought and fell, with his face to the enemy; and if a spark of life remained after he had been hurled to the earth, his last act was to direct a sword or pistol against the breast of his hated foe as our men trampled over him in their onward career. So confined had been the area for combat, that many of the soldiers, being unable to use their weapons at full length in the mêlée, unfixed their bayonets, and used them as daggers; and the broken and blood-stained weapons told with what effect they had been wielded. The resistance at the entrance having been overcome by the destruction of this desperate band, the cry was, 'On—on! to the citadel!' A panic had now seized and paralyzed many of the garrison, for they huddled together in confined spaces, and stood to be slaughtered like sheep, or rushed in frenzy to the walls, and cast themselves from the parapets. No thought of refuge and opposition in the citadel seemed to have occurred to any, nor had it been sufficiently equipped for defence. The efforts of the most rational were directed towards an escape outside the walls by secret outlets; but these, in the clear light of morning, and the sabres of the cavalry, left slender hopes of escape.

As daylight brought each minute tracing of the works into view, the gallant British regiments were seen winding up the steep rocky ascent which led to the citadel, where, with a wild 'hurrah!' they burst the gate, mounted the ramparts, and cast loose the gay blazonry of their banners to the wind, as it moaned along the shattered battlements of captured Ghuzni."

We have given these passages in preference to others on more exciting, but better known, topics. The volumes, we think, are likely to find readers among those who shall read our extracts.

History of the Girondins—[*Histoire des Girondins, &c.*] Vol. VI. By M. A. de Lamartine. Paris, Furne.

THE fall of the Girondins, on the 31st of May—when an armed and irritated populace besieged the Convention, and wrested from its members the decree of accusation against the obnoxious party—was but the strict application of the principles which they had themselves preached to the people on the 10th of August. If the people were guiltless in August they were also guiltless in May; for, excepting the illegality of their proceedings, they avoided committing the least excess; and when they had attained their object, dispersed quietly, like men whose task is accomplished.—Though the revolution by which the party fell is known as that of the 31st of May—on which day it began—it was not completed until the 2nd of June: and of the long and desperate struggle M. de Lamartine gives a detailed and interesting account—from which we will make a few extracts. After describing the unusual agitation of the people on the eve of the 31st, he observes:—

Buzot, Barbaroux, Louvet, Bergeon, Rabaut Saint-Etienne, and Guadet, had got together into a room situated in an obscure neighbourhood. Three beds, a few chairs, good arms, doors strongly bolted, and the firm resolve not to perish unrevenged, had procured for them a few moments of repose. At three in the morning they were awakened by the cannon of alarm and the sound of the tocsin. "*Ille suprema dies!*" cried Rabaut Saint-Etienne, listening to those sounds. Rabaut was a pious man. He knelt at the foot of the bed where he had slept in freedom for the last time—and prayed aloud that the divine mercy might fall on his companions, on his country, and on himself. The sceptical Louvet and the young Barbaroux related afterwards that this prayer of Rabaut—who had formerly been a minister of the Gospel—had deeply touched their hearts. * * Rabaut and his friends went out into the street at six o'clock, with pistols and daggers concealed beneath their garments; and reached the Convention unrecognized. The hall was still empty. Danton alone, agitated by the events of the night, and impatiently expecting those which the day was to bring forth, was walking to and fro with visible anxiety. On seeing the Girondins—whom he regretted as victims—Danton made a gesture expressive of annoyance; and a spasm of pity convulsed his lips. Mistaking it for the smile of joy, Louvet said—"Seest thou the horrible hope which beams on those hideous features?" "Aye," cried Guadet, loud enough to be heard by Danton, "to-day Claudius exiles Cicero!"

Thus to the last did the Girondins suspect Danton of desiring their personal ruin,—when that was precisely what he was anxious to avoid. Though willing to overthrow the influence of the party, he was still attached to the principles which they represented. On the evening of that day—which had been spent in useless debate—the Girondins, inflexible in their determination not to resign the power which they had received from their constituents, met together once more,—“not to deliberate,” says M. de Lamartine,—but to fortify themselves against the approach of death. * * They supped together in a house which stood apart from other habitations, in the Rue de

Clively. During their repast they could hear the sound of the bells and of the drum in the city, and the dull rolling over the streets of the cannon and ammunition-cars which Henriot was sending to the Convention. * * Many a sublime word was uttered during that night. All of them could have effected their escape—but almost all refused to do so. Péthion, so weak where his popularity was concerned, faced death bravely.—Gensonné, accustomed to camps, and Buzot, full of the heroic feelings of his unhappy friend, Madame Roland, desired to await death on their seats at the Convention and meet martyrdom calling on France for vengeance.—Barbaroux, with the ardour which belongs to the youth of the South, pointed to the arms that he wore beneath his garments, and urged his colleagues to arm themselves; and would be his own avenger on the most dangerous of his murderers.—Louvet, deprecating such hopeless heroism, implored his friends to escape on this night of tumult, and arouse the indignation of their respective departments.—Vergniaud, trusting, as usual, to chance and his genius, did not choose to anticipate events. * * "Let us drink," he said, "to life or to death!"—rising from the table and addressing Péthion, who sat opposite him. "This night hides within her shadow one or the other for us. We will not think of ourselves but of our country. Were this glass of wine filled with my blood, I would still drink it to the safety of the Republic." Low cries of "Vive la République" answered to Vergniaud's sublime words. The unhappy Girondins were compelled to lower their voices as they addressed their last vows to their country, lest they should be heard by that populace for whom they were about to die.

The events of the 2nd of June were such as might have been anticipated from those of the two preceding days. The people triumphed. The arrest of the Girondins was decreed amidst universal applause: and though the persons of the obnoxious members were respected, few of them chose to take advantage of that freedom by effecting their escape. Most of them returned to their separate homes,—and calmly awaited until their persecutors should come to arrest them. Vergniaud was at the head of those who thus stoically braved death:—Barbaroux, Louvet, Péthion, and several others, who had not lost all hope, retired to Caen; where they met with partisans, and raised an army of volunteers to march upon the capital—then already sinking into that state of silent apathy which preceded the Reign of Terror.

But whilst the persecuted Girondins were thus rallying together for a last struggle in the cause of freedom—or preparing, like Madame Roland, in the solitude of their prison for death—a maiden conceived the daring project of saving, or avenging, the men who had so nobly striven for France. Marie-Anne Charlotte, of Corday and of Armont, was one of the last descendants of a noble, though impoverished, Norman family; which counted among its near relatives Fontenelle, the wit and philosopher of the eighteenth century, and amongst its ancestors the father of the great tragic poet, Corneille. Charlotte of Armont—or to give her the name by which she is more generally known, Charlotte Corday—was brought up in her father's humble cottage with her brothers and sisters; and there inured to a life of poverty and toil. When she had lost her mother, her father succeeded in placing her in one of the first convents of Caen; and here she remained until it was closed at the epoch of the Revolution. Her devotional feelings were at first so ardent and enthusiastic that, like Madame Roland, she contemplated embracing a monastic life; but this desire became gradually extinguished. The sceptical and revolutionary spirit of the times penetrated even convent walls; and her proud, impatient mind had naturally a deeper sympathy with the pagan stoicism of ancient philosophy than with the lessons of humility and self-denial taught by the Christian. When her sacred asylum was closed, in 1787,

Charlotte Corday was in her nineteenth year—in the prime of her wonderful beauty; and never, perhaps, did a vision of more dazzling loveliness step from beneath the dark portals of a convent into the light of the open world. She was rather tall—her admirably proportioned figure full of native grace and dignity. The chief expressions of her fair and oval countenance were sweetness and modesty; her clear, open brow, shaded by the rich curls of her brown hair, enhanced the transparent purity of her complexion—her dark and well-arched eyebrows and eyes of a deep grey, that was often mistaken for blue, added to her thoughtful and meditative appearance. Her nose was straight and well formed—her mouth, though rather grave, exquisitely beautiful—and her smile full of fascination.

The account which M. de Lamartine gives of this heroic, though misguided, girl is one of the most masterly passages in his work. The few meagre details which compose all that is known of her life have been invested by him with that poetical and vivid colouring which characterizes his style.—When the convent in which she had been brought up was closed, Charlotte Corday found an asylum in the house of an aged and poor relative, Madame de Bretteville Gonville, at Caen. The arrival of the Girondins in that city produced a profound impression on her feelings; and these were still further heightened by the review of the 6,000 volunteers who, headed by the Girondins, were about to march on the capital and avenge their fallen cause.—

Charlotte Corday, says M. de Lamartine, witnessed from a balcony their enlistment and departure. The enthusiasm of those young citizens, who forsook their household hearths to shield the violated hearth of national representation, and brave the fire of the enemy or the guillotine, was kindred to her own. Yet she found it too cold;—and was indignant at the smallness of the number of recruits which this review had added to the regiments of Wimpfen. This enthusiasm was, it has been asserted, tempered by the mysterious feeling entertained for her by one of those young volunteers thus tearing themselves from their families, and perhaps from life. Charlotte had not remained insensible to this concealed adoration; but she sacrificed it to a more sublime feeling. The young man's name was Franquelin. He worshipped the fair republican in silence; and carried on with her a correspondence full of respect. Her answers were characterized by the sad and tender reserve of a young girl whose only dowry consists in her misfortunes. She had given her portrait to the youthful volunteer—and permission to love. Carried away by the universal impulse, and sure of obtaining a glance and her approbation by arming himself in the cause of freedom, M. de Franquelin had enlisted in the battalion of Caen. Charlotte could not help filtering and growing pale as that battalion passed by her to depart—and tears glistened in her eyes. Péthion, who was passing under the balcony where she was, and knew Charlotte well, astonished at this weakness, said, "Would you rejoice if they were not to go?" The young girl coloured, kept her answer in her heart—and withdrew. Péthion had not apprehended the cause of her emotion;—but it was afterwards revealed. After the deed and execution of Charlotte Corday, the young Franquelin, as though he had received a deadly wound from the axe which severed the head of her whom he worshipped, retired to a village of Normandy. Alone with his mother, he languished there for a few months; and then died—demanding that the portrait and letters of Charlotte should be buried with him.

The departure of the volunteers confirmed Charlotte Corday in a resolve which she had been meditating since the events of the 31st of May. She determined to kill Marat:—in whom she saw not only the most formidable foe of the Girondins, but the future dictator of France. She looked on him as condemned by his crimes; and hoped that his death would avert the civil war impending over the country. Several in-

teresting traits recorded by M. de Lamartine paint the situation of her mind at that epoch.—

Madame de Bretteville remembered afterwards that, on entering the room of Charlotte to awaken her, she had found on her bed an old Bible open at the book of Judith; and underlined in it the verse which speaks of Judith going out of the town that she might deliver Israel. On the same day, Charlotte having gone out to prepare for her approaching departure, met in the street burghers of Caen who were playing at cards before their door. "You play," said she, in a tone of bitter irony,—"and the country is dying!"

Under pretence of retiring to England, Charlotte Corday went to bid her father and only surviving sister a last farewell. She told Madame de Bretteville, too, that she was going away—but concealed the real date of her departure.—

Charlotte filled those last hours with grateful tenderness for her to whom she had been indebted for a long and kind hospitality. Through one of her friends, she provided for an old servant who had taken care of her youth. She ordered from the workwomen at Caen—and paid for in advance—trifling articles of dress and embroidery, to be carried, after her departure, as memorials to various young companions of her childhood. She distributed her favourite books amongst the persons with whom she was intimate; and only kept to carry away a volume of Plutarch, as though unwilling to separate, in the crisis of her life, from the companionship of those great men with whom she had lived and with whom she wished to die. At an early hour on the 9th of July, she took under her arm a small parcel of the clothes most necessary to her,—embraced her aunt, telling her she was going to sketch the haymakers in the neighbouring fields,—and a drawing portfolio in her hand, left the house for ever. At the foot of the staircase she met the child of a poor working man named Robert, who lodged in the house. The child generally played in the yard; and she was in the habit of giving him prints. "Here, Robert," said she, giving him her drawing portfolio, which she now needed no more, "this is for you. Be good,—and kiss me. You will never see me again." And she kissed the child—leaving a tear on his cheek.

The first intention of Charlotte had been to kill Marat in the hall of the Convention itself; and then to allow herself to be murdered by the infuriated multitude—thus burying her name and purpose in eternal oblivion. But when she arrived in Paris, she learned that Marat was too ill to assist at the meetings—and was only to be seen at home. She had to write two letters to him ere she could procure an interview. When she was at last admitted to see him he was, as all the world knows, in a bath. After a few questions on the state of Normandy, he demanded of her the names of the Girondin deputies then at Caen—wrote them down—and, with a smile of satisfaction, exclaimed, "Before another week be past, they shall all have met the guillotine." Scarcely had the words crossed his lips ere the knife of Charlotte Corday was in his heart. He gave one loud cry for help,—and expired. The murderess was instantly secured. Her behaviour in her prison and before her judges was full of serenity. She heard her sentence of death with a smile. On returning to her prison she found the executioner waiting for her; and begged for a short delay to allow M. Hauer, a painter, who had begun taking her portrait in the hall of judgment, to complete his task—"She spoke with M. Hauer of his art—of the event of the day—and of the peace which she felt within since her deed was accomplished. She spoke, too, of her young friends at Caen, and begged of the artist to send a small copy of the large portrait he was painting to her family. While thus conversing, a low knock was heard at the door of the prison behind:—it was the executioner. Turning round, Charlotte perceived the scissors and the red chemise which he carried on his arm. For a moment she shuddered and grew pale. 'Already!' she involuntarily exclaimed. But she soon grew composed; and

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planning on the unfinished portrait,—"Sir," said she to the artist, with a sad and kindly smile, "I know not how to thank you for the pains which you have taken. This is all that I can offer you; keep it as a token of your kindness and my gratitude." So saying, she took the scissors from the hand of the executioner; and cutting a lock of the hair which escaped from beneath her cap, offered it to M. Hauer. * * The executioner cut her hair, bound her hands, and threw over her the red chemise of the condemned. She observed with a smile—"this is the toilet of the grave—performed by rude hands—but it leads to immortality."

This strange and melancholy story has its pendant. The red chemise—which in most cases had a far different effect—but enhanced the wonderful beauty of Charlotte Corday; and awoke an echo of the heroic spirit by which it was animated to the last in the heart of a young and enthusiastic republican of Germany, Adam Lux, of Maynz—whom his fellow-citizens had deported to France. Gazing on Charlotte like one entranced, as she passed to the scaffold, he followed her step by step until all was over. His soul still filled with the vision of unearthly loveliness that had crossed his path, he then returned home; and a few days afterwards published a pamphlet in which, after declaring his passionate admiration for Charlotte Corday, he proposed the erection of a monument to her memory, with the inscription—"Greater than Brutus." For this daring act he was thrown into the Abbey. On entering his prison he exclaimed: "How happy am I—going to die for Charlotte Corday!" His wish was soon fulfilled: and with a smile of happiness he laid his head on the block sanctified for him by the blood of one whom he loved with a passion as strange and melancholy as it is all but unequalled.

The feelings excited throughout France by the deed of Charlotte Corday varied with the different parties by which the country was divided. The Montagnards, dreading the fate of Marat, sought to cover her memory with opprobrium. The Girondins admired her heroism, but deprecated the useless crime. Many of the Royalists looked on her as a martyr. In his *Souvenirs*, Charles Nodier relates the singular anecdote of the beautiful Canoness who on learning, in a remote province, the deed of the Norman maiden, fell on her knees, and, in his presence, enthusiastically exclaimed—"Pray for us, Saint Charlotte Corday!" By a strange fatality, the act which had been designed by her to lift the cause of the Gironde, hastened its fall and the destruction of the captive members. That this would be so Verginaud was well aware. "On learning, in his prison," says M. de Lamartine, "the crime, judgment, and death of Charlotte Corday, he exclaimed—"She slays us—but teaches us, at the same time, how to die."

The remaining portion of this sixth volume is occupied with the early history of the Revolutionary Tribunal; and with an account of the trial and execution of its most illustrious victim—Marie Antoinette. In treating this melancholy subject, M. de Lamartine displays his usual talent—but the circumstances which he narrates are well known. They belong, too, to the general history of the Revolution: and have little or no connexion with the Girondins, whose eventful destiny M. de Lamartine has especially attempted in these volumes to retrace.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

The Natural History of "Bores." By Angus B. Reach. Illustrated by H. G. Hine.—A second edition of "Bores!"—"O word of Fear!" Yet thoughts of the above disheartening natural products

come in naturally at this "midwatch of the year;" when the Season, political, literary, artistic and fashionable is over—and oyster-time has not yet fairly set in—and Grouse have still a few days "to run" ere the Licensor's fiat dooms them to The Bag! It is a question, at the moment of writing, whether this great Babylon of ours is not one vast receptacle where Bores—and Bores alone—move uneasily to and fro; like craft becalmed, incapable of progress, yet giving signs of life by restless and unwieldy motions, significant of ennui and discomfort. Yes! Bores are as naturally the concomitants of Midsummer as Beneficents of Christmas time: and Mr. Reach ought to be searched out by Censure, ever anxious to defend the fitness of things, for not having brought his book into better harmony with his subject. Instead of being simply *yawn*-able, it happens to be sometimes laughable—always readable. We had an eye to that old acquaintance of everybody, "The Man with a Grievance"—intending to bore our readers with that necessary evil once again; but in place of this, since the Haymarket Theatre happens to be shut, we will call up pleasant memories of past farces, departed actors and tender sentimentalities which shall be nameless, by a report on the last new piece, as here given—"Ah, it was very funny. You know—first there was Webster. Well, Webster is an old—sort of—odd—what you may call it—kind of—No; it's Buckstone that's that—Buckstone. Well, then, his name is Pluffer—John Pluffer—no; Peter Pluffer—it does not signify—and so—Pluffer—that's Farren—no—Buckstone—comes in—and says—oh, a lot of such things—fit to make you die of laughing—about—about—you must go to see it—you must. Well, then, next Farren comes in—no; he's discovered in his house—and he has a daughter—no—yes—yes—a daughter that's secretly married to Miss Trotter—that's Miss Fortescue—no; what am I saying—how absurd to be sure—Miss Trotter is Miss Julia Bennet. But it's old Jorum's son—not his daughter—that's privately married to Miss Trotter—Julia Bennet you know—without Buckstone's knowledge. So that you see—when Tilbury—no, not Tilbury—Clark—who's an old—what do you call it—of Jorum's—no—yes—to be sure—of Jorum—that's Farren, you know—an old steward—well, when he come's in, who should there be but Pluffer—you can't imagine how roll it is—in a cupboard—hid, you know. Gad, Buckstone was so good there. However—there's then such a confusion, of course, because Pluffer's niece—no, Jorum's daughter—is jealous of Buckstone; and then in comes Holl, who has been at sea—and then the forging of the will—Oh, I forgot—I ought to have told you there was a—what do you call it—a will—forged; but through the lawyer—he's Farren—no, Webster—him I told you of at first you know—it's found out—by Pluffer in the cupboard—so, of course, it all comes right, and Miss Trotter is married to Holl. It was capital—I never laughed so much in my life."—How the unfortunate man, "by button held" to hear this novel plot so lucidly explained, bore with the narration is not told.

A Guide to the Birth-Town of Shakspeare and the Poet's Rural Haunts. By George May.—This is a seasonable book. It is intended to supply what the writer says he has, in occasional visits to Stratford, found to be needed—a guide-book succinctly directing the worshipper of Shakspeare to the several localities there more peculiarly connected with the poet's name. At the same time, it extends its instructions to the other features deserving notice within and near the town—all of which are more or less hallowed by the association.

The Chess-Player's Hand-book: a popular and scientific Introduction to the Game of Chess; exemplified in Games actually played by the greatest Masters, and illustrated by numerous Diagrams of Original and Remarkable Positions. By Howard Staunton, Esq.—If Love be "strong as Death," Chess has proved itself as strong as the Fear of Death,—and, from the days of the Eastern monarch and his Ape down to our own,—far stronger than Temper. The Man who can sleep after a two hours' fight on the two-coloured board has been lost is a *lusus nature*;—as preternatural an example of nerve as he who, when the vessel was going down, retired to his berth, fell into a deep slumber, and was with difficulty awakened after the danger was past. The Bystander who can maintain perfect command of countenance when a friend's King is

going into jeopardy, or a Castle about to open its destructive fire upon the enemy's phalanx, must be something manufactured by Messrs. Conde & Sealy, or Stephenson—not a creature of flesh and blood, but of "composition" or cast-iron—by no means to be "entered upon our list of friends!" It is a question whether any book of lawyers' cases, any collection of matters whereby casuists torment consciences, be fuller of anxiety than this newest of Mr. Bohn's volumes; a plaything according to the forms—yet which rigidly and richly deserves a place in 'The Scientific Library':—a companion for the Eddystone Lighthouse or the Bell Rock; a Prison-mate for Ham or for Spielberg (if Austria allows chessboards to her children!) a tome for the life's study of a mathematician:—cramped to bursting with diagrams, gambits, ending of games, problems, &c.! With this and one of the newly invented paper-boards, a Methuselah might start for a Life's journey across some antediluvian Desert—and dying, not leave "the play played out." Seriously, Mr. Staunton's volume probably contains the largest amount of information and example on the subject extant, in so compendious a form.—More, a Philidor, a De la Bourdonnaye, a Deschappelles himself would hardly profess to say, till after a month's close examination.

The Golden Remains of the Early Masonic Writers. Vol. 2.—This volume contains statements of "Masonic principles"—and consists of a dozen essays by different writers in their defence.

Tables for Estimating the Earthwork of Railways, &c. By C. K. Sibley and W. Rutherford.—The mode of calculating the amount of excavation or embankment has, our readers may suppose, assumed a great importance of late years; and several tables for facilitating the calculation have been published. If the excavations were merely from one level to depth below it even though it were bounded by slopes,—or if the surface excavated were not level, provided the cuttings were vertical—there would be little occasion for tables. But when the surface rises and falls, and the boundaries are to be sloped, the calculation becomes more onerous. We recently mentioned Sir John Macneil's Tables:—and we have now before us those of Messrs. Sibley and Rutherford. These do not interfere with one another. The former are more extensive in their plan and give more cases; the latter confine themselves to the most usual cases, and present their results more speedily. Messrs. Sibley and Rutherford have confined themselves to slopes of 1 to 1, 1½ to 1, and 2 to 1; and choose as their basis a roadway of 33 feet. But an easily used table is added by which the roadway may be increased or diminished by anything not exceeding 10 feet either way. The extreme may be anything under 60 feet; and the tabulations are made for half feet of depth. Accordingly, we have for the ordinary cases a very easy and accurate set of tables. Those who are much concerned with excavation will be glad enough to have any number of tables; and the greater the variety of plans the better,—for all are sure to become useful in their turn. But for the definite cases to which they apply, these now before us are worthy of all recommendation.

An Historical and Critical View of Speculative Philosophy in the Nineteenth Century. By J. D. Morell, A.M. Second edition, revised and enlarged.—It is not always that criticism produces such good results as entitle this second edition of a work already reviewed by us [see *Ath.* No. 978] to special distinction. It speaks much for the intrinsic merits of these volumes that their author has so soon had the opportunity of correcting the deficiencies and imperfections of his first impression. The book as it originally stood evidently presented the subject as it grew upon the author's mind while engaged in the course of his study. It was an endeavour from such sources, whether secondary or primary, as had come to his knowledge to produce a synopsis of the system of philosophy which he was labouring to understand. But then, the candid spirit with which his researches had been conducted, and the plain, thoroughly English style in which his opinions were expressed, commanded both him and his volumes to critical favour. Many of the errors (we regret to add, not all) to which on the former occasion we alluded, are now, we find, corrected; and—what was much wanted—the authorities for the statements made in the text are added in foot notes. "This distinctive reference," says the author, "to the works in

question has, in many instances, demanded a more distinctive and detailed description of the systems themselves." Mr. Morell has, we see, revised his remarks on Locke: on whose system he now perceives that "different minds" may come "to very opposite conclusions;" though he still thinks that, in the main, Cousin's criticisms on it are "very near the truth." It must, he says, be abundantly evident to every mind (except, perhaps, to those which are cast in Locke's own mould,) that Cousin belongs rather to the class of those who seek intuitions of higher truth; while Locke "seldom or never transcends the region of understanding to gaze upon the conceptions (ideas?) which are only accessible to the pure reason—and, indeed, mainly contents himself with logical forms and definitions." There is a large amount of new matter in this edition:—and altogether, the work may now be accepted as comparatively a complete and accurate history of modern philosophy. The philosophy which the author professedly advocates is "the philosophy of Progress"—i.e. of Humanity.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Ackfeld's (E.) *The Intellectual Family*, 12mo. 2s. 6d.
 Adams's (Rev. W.) *The Distant Hills*, 4th ed. 16mo. 2s. 6d. cl.
 Eachyll Perse, by F. A. Paley, 8vo. 10s. 6d. cl.
 Armstrong's (Rev. J.) *The Pastor in his Closet*, 8vo. 2s. 6d. cl.
 Bancroft's (G.) *United States of America*, 3 vols. 8vo. 30s. cl.
 Bell's (A.) *Key to Practical Mathematics*, 12mo. 3s. 6d. (Chambers.)
 Christie's *Course of Mathematics*, Vol. II. Pt. III. 'Geometry,' 10s. 6d. (Dr. A.)
 Combe (Dr. A.) *On the Management of Infancy*, new ed. 2s. 6d. swd.
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 Johnson's (G. W.) *Gardener's Monthly Volume*, VIII. 2s. 6d. cl.
 Keble's (J.) *Christian Year*, 30th ed. 32mo. 3s. 6d. cl.
 Keble's (J.) *Lyræ Innoctumæ*, 4th ed. 32mo. 3s. 6d. cl.
 Kelly's (W.) *Tables for the Cubical Contents of Earthwork*, 8vo. 5s. cl.
 Klatowski's (W. K.) *The German Manual*, 2nd ed. 2 vols. 12mo. 16s. cl.
 Klatowski's (W. K.) *Dialogues*, new ed. 12mo. 2s. cl.
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 Sylvan's *Fict. Hand-Book to the Clyde*, &c., by T. & E. Gilks, 2s. 6d. cl.
 Townsend's (Rev. G. F.) *Christian Pilgrimage*, 2nd ed. 8vo. 5s. cl.
 Wilkinson's (Sir G.) *Hand-Book for Travellers in Egypt*, post 8vo. 15s.
 Wood's (J. H.) *History of the General Baptists*, 12mo. 5s. 6d. cl.
 Wordsworth's *Poems*, Select Pieces from, large 16mo. 6s. 6d. cl.

ARCHÆOLOGICAL INSTITUTE OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

[From our own Correspondent.]

Norwich, Thursday.

WE gave a sufficient glance at the opening proceedings of this Congress in our paper of last week [p. 816]; and shall proceed to redeem our promise of giving our readers some acquaintance with the papers of the Rev. J. Hunter and Mr. H. Gurney.

After a vote of thanks to Lord Fitzwilliam had been moved by Sir J. Boileau, seconded by Mr. Britton, and unanimously agreed to, Mr. Hunter read his 'Essay on Topography'—from which the following are extracts:—

My subject is English Topography; * * and my intent is—(1) to present, as well as I am able, a clear view of the nature and objects of topographical writing; (2) to show what appears to be the most convenient form in which the results of topographical inquiry can be presented in books; and (3) to describe the means which we possess for the successful prosecution of topographical research.

The very word Topography may seem to suggest at once in the very elements of which it is composed what is the true nature of the study signified by it. But this is not exactly the case. It has fared with this word Topography as it has with many other words,—that there have been, as time passed on, important accessions to the idea which is originally denoted. *Place-description* or *District-description* is still a part, and a most important part, of what is meant by the word Topography—but it is not the whole; for the works on English topography contain quite as much of history as they do of description—indeed, of the two it may be said that there is usually more of that which is historical than of that which is descriptive.

Description, however, in accordance with the etymology may still be regarded as the first object—the *prima linea* of topographical writing. As far as description goes, it resembles the kindred study of Geography: and we cannot, perhaps, in any better way form in our minds a distinct idea of what constitutes topography as far as we regard it as descriptive, than by recollecting what we understand by the word geography, which is still almost wholly descriptive.

The whole superficies of the globe, or at least some very immense portion of it, is the subject of the geographer, who delineates in maps, and describes in his commentaries upon them, the distribution of land and water, the continents, peninsulas, islands, promontories; chains of mountains, oceans, seas, gulphs, straits, lakes and rivers. * * Now, if you can suppose that there is cut out from the whole surface of the globe, or from some one of the immensely spacious divisions of it, some little cantle, and that this is looked at with the same eye with which the geographer surveys the immense field presented before him, you will have a clear idea of what are the first lines in topographical writing—the basis, so to speak, of the structure which the topographer has to raise. He has first to describe his district, as the geographer describes his. But since he has chosen only a very small tract of country, and objects are great or small only in reference to other things with which they may be compared—things far too insignificant for the geographer to notice fall under the notice of the topographer, and claim to be minutely and accurately delineated in his page. And here it is necessary for the clearer understanding of the subject to speak of the kind of district, the extent of country, to which the labours of English topographers have been applied. Some have undertaken single cities or towns only; but this is a species of topography in some important respects differing from what is usually understood by the term, having resources different from topography in general, and requiring also in its successful treatment different arrangement. On this species of topography I shall say little. Some have taken a single rural parish, of which you have an excellent example in your own Hengrave. I speak as if addressing myself more especially to people of East Anglia. A nobler specimen, perhaps, is the history of the parish of Whalley, in Lancashire; but then the parish of Whalley is more extensive than many of our hundreds, and than some of our counties. But the efforts of the English topographer have been usually applied to the *counties* of England; some few of which have been well described,—but the instances are too frequent in which the topographer has sunk under his long and unrequited labour, and left us but a fragment of what was a noble design. Others, less ambitious, or thrown by the chances of life on parts of the country where such marked divisions as those of the shires are of great and almost unmanageable extent, have undertaken archdeaconries, deaneries, hundreds,—or a district of some extent, one of the ancient feudal distributions of the country, and still under some one lord still possessing feudal privileges.

For distinctness sake, we will consider what Topography is, or ought to be,—not as applied to the history of a single city or of a single rural parish, and still less as applied to the description of some religious foundation or remarkable edifice, but as it designates writings whose subject is one of the subdivisions of the country; a small county for instance,—or a defined portion of a large county, comprising numerous of those small ecclesiastical subdivisions called parishes, and of those still smaller subdivisions called tithings or townships, which relate to internal government, or manors which belong to the original feudal distribution of England.

On such a district, then, we will suppose the mind of the topographer to be directed in the same spirit and with the same intention that the geographer applies his mind to the whole of the earth's surface, or to some vast assemblage of states and empires. He will first form in his own mind, and impress upon his page, a most exact idea of its state as prepared by the hand of Nature,—with its projections and depressions, its rivers, brooklets, and pools of standing water, its mineral productions, its native plants and animals, and its natural relations to the country by which it is immediately surrounded. Then, he will have to speak of objects and relations which no geographer would think of mentioning; not that they are in themselves, and absolutely, undeserving notice, but as they are too insignificant when objects in abundance of the same kind on a grander scale are presented to him. Who would think of describing the course of your Yare when he had the Rhine and the Danube to attend to; or seek to find the head of a less conspicuous stream than this when he was called to seek out the sources of the

Nile. But these are works for the topographer to perform, and he is not a zealous labourer in the field who does not prosecute the search after the hidden fountains of the streams which water his region as the geographer prosecutes his search after the hidden courses of the Nile. I have mentioned the animals and vegetables which are found placed by Nature's hand upon the region he undertakes to describe,—but with respect to these it can rarely happen that he needs to encroach upon the province of the naturalist; and for this simple reason, that in the distribution of animal and vegetable life Nature does not act on a confined plan, but spreads her works of this class, if she spreads them at all, far beyond the limits of any little circuit which the topographer may have undertaken to describe,—so that he has here no *peculiar* of his own, but only a fragment of an extensive design which it is far better to leave to the professed naturalist to exhibit. The same thing may be said with respect to geological structure and mineral productions,—save in the case in which there is something peculiar, and when any peculiar geological formation has materially influenced the condition, the habits, or the employments of the population on the surface. As to the natural character of the people who inhabit his district, it is not very much that he can have to say; for the main features of the English agriculturist are much the same as they appear in districts far larger than those on which we suppose the topographer to be employed; yet as the geographer will point out peculiar traits in the character of people of different states, so will the topographer find something characteristic or peculiar in the habits, amusements, language, superstitions, or turn of mind of the general population of his district, or of particular portions of it;—and of these he will make a permanent record by inscribing them on his page.

The philosopher may smile at the minuteness of the objects which are made of importance in the books of the topographer. But it is in fact in the minuteness of their details that their value consists. It is because the topographer has preserved his millions of facts and observations that his writings are valued. And if, looking upon his little selected region with the eye of the geographer and yet through a glass microscopically, on finding objects naturally magnified since there is nothing greater near at hand with which to compare them, he speaks of some little heath or common which still exhibits the pristine condition of that portion of the island,—or draws attention to some little Tempe, beautiful as delivered by the hand of Nature and made beautiful by the hand of Taste—or if he find a few books or paintings which some curious person has collected and deposited there, and dwell upon them as if they were a Vatican library or a Florentine gallery,—if he find a church with some little architectural pretensions, and describe it with affectionate minuteness, as another would one of the great cathedrals of the empire—or a piece of middle-age sculpture of which he feels the beauty, and seeks to make others sensible of it—I cannot think him uselessly employed, or that that can be a true philosophy which shall deride taste and enthusiasm such as this. And if, in the spirit of minute research in which he acts, he set before us every remain, however inconsiderable, that opens to us any insight into the manners or characters of the early inhabitants of this island, or of the persons who induced a new population on the ruins of another,—be it only a little fragment of masonry, or a little remnant of an half-obliterated trackway, or a mound of earth raised by unknown hands and for some unknown purpose,—or if he find buried in the earth all that remains among us of some primeval inhabitant,—there is at least something which strikes pleasantly on the imagination: and if, as churches are the topographer's especial delight, he preserves from future accident the records inscribed on stone, or brass, or marble, he is perpetuating evidence of which an amount scarcely conceivable has been suffered to perish.—I say nothing here of that noble branch of topographical study, the remains of the Romans while they held their sovereignty in Britain;—which are gathered up by him with more especial care.

Mr. Hunter's paper extended to a great length:—and at its close a vote of thanks to him was moved by the Master of Trinity, and seconded by the Marquis of Northampton.

At the evening *conversazione* in the Public Library, Mr. H. Gurney's paper was, as we have said, read by Mr. Albert Way. It is a curious paper, with the recommendation of being short and to the point. Mr. Gurney will, it is said, print one hundred copies for distribution among his own particular friends connected with the Institute; but many who will be glad to obtain it in the pamphlet shape may be glad to find a full report of it in the columns of the *Athenæum*. It takes, as we have said, the form of a letter to Dawson Turner, Esq., on Norwich and the Venta Icenorum.

The first question to examine on the view of Norwich, Norwich Castle, and the Roman Camp at Caistor—may be whether Norwich or Caistor be the "Venta Icenorum" of the Romans; Norwich standing on the Wensum, and Caistor on the Taes, on the opposite side of what was the great estuary.

To begin with Camden. In his accounts of Norwich and of Caistor, he falls into the most extraordinary errors; confounding the courses of the three rivers, the Wensum, the Taes, and the Yare. He places Norwich upon the Yare instead of the Wensum,—and gives the Wensum the course of the Taes, as "flowing from the south;" and still more strangely as a king at arms, he attributes the erection of the present castle of Norwich to Hugh Bygod, "from the lions salient carved in stone on it, which were the old arms of the Bygods on their seals, though one of them bore a cross for his seal." Now, the lions were two lions passant guardant, very nicely carved, one on each side of the arch of the great entrance: and the Bygods, whose original arms were, or, a cross gules, never bore the lion till assumed by Roger Bygod in the reign of Henry III., who took the arms of his mother, the heiress of William Marshall, Earl of Pembroke, in whose right he became Earl Marshal of England.

Horsley, in his 'Britannia Romana,' states that Venta was the capital of the Iceni, situated on the "Wentfar," and thence deriving its name; and misled by, and quoting, Camden, he places Venta at Caistor.

Sir Henry Spelman, in his 'Icenia,' states Norwich to have been the capital of the Iceni, in British Caer-Guntum, or Caer Gwynt, situated on the Wensum; the Saxons using the *w* in the word which the Romans turned into "Venta;" but whether Norwich were the Venta Icenorum he leaves in doubt.

King, who, born in Norwich, might have been supposed to have been better informed, in his *Monimenta Antiqua* follows Camden, and turns the Taes into the Wensum; and in his paper in the fourth volume of the *Archæologia*, he pronounces the existing castle of Norwich to be "the very tower which was erected about the time of King Canute."

In the elaborate 'Essay towards the History of the Venta Icenorum and of Norwich Castle,' by the older Mr. Wilkins, in the twelfth volume of the *Archæologia*, he follows the authority of Camden in supposing Caistor to be Venta; and gives a very beautiful drawing of the tower over the entrance of Norwich Castle, which, still following the authority of Camden, he says, "I have ventured to call Bygod's Tower." This was the origin of a name which had no other foundation than Camden's story of the lions; and which the late Mr. Wilkins, R.A., who added the new buildings in 1824, and most accurately examined the castle, said, his father had been led into by an endeavour to reconcile, if possible, the tradition of a restoration by one of the Bygods with his own conviction as to the period of its erection. And Mr. Wilkins the younger also wrote to me, that the same principle obtained in all the castles of the same era, "of open stairs abutting against a tower, which has an opening opposite, and commanding the approach, both from the gallery of the tower and the roof of it."

In 1834 I went over the Camp at Caistor, and the country adjacent, with Colonel Leake—who may be considered the greatest living authority for the sites of ancient cities and fortified camps; and he at once said that he was convinced Norwich was the Venta Icenorum, and capital of the Iceni, and Caistor the fortified Camp planted by the Romans over against it, on the other side of the estuary, to bridle, as was their custom, a hostile population. Colonel Leake

has since written me the following note, which he has allowed me to use.

VENTA ICENORUM.

"In September 1834, I visited in company with Mr. Gurney the ruins of an extensive Roman fortress in a well-watered valley three miles to the south of Norwich. Caistor, the name of the parish in which the ruins are situated, is a word Anglicized from the Roman Castrum: Venta, on the contrary, is Latinized from the British Gwent. At Winchester (Venta Belgarum) and at Caerwent (Venta Silurum) it is not unlikely that the Roman fortifications may have been on the site or a part of the site of the British town, and then the Roman and the British site may have become identified. But this was not the case among the Iceni. Here are two sites: Caistor was evidently nothing else than a Castrum stavium or fortress such as the Romans usually erected after conquest for the use of their garrison and colony, and who often chose a situation abounding in good water, in preference to one of natural strength, relying for protection on their walls and military discipline. If Caistor was nothing more than a Castrum Romanum, Norwich was in all probability Venta; being a position marked by nature for the stronghold of a people less advanced in the art of war than the Romans, and such as the Greeks, and most other people, have generally chosen in the infancy of civilization.

"I find nothing contrary to this opinion in any ancient authority."

In the Roman Itineraries you have three "Ventas,"—Venta Belgarum, Winchester; Venta Silurum, Caer-Went, in Monmouthshire; and Venta Icenorum; and of these Ventas, the confusion between Winchester and the Venta Icenorum seems to have begun very early, both with the chroniclers and romancers,—probably from the one having retained the rudiments of the name, and the other becoming known as Northwic.

Sir Francis Palgrave, in the researches which he has made for his forthcoming 'History of England under the Normans,' being led to the examination of all contemporary authors in order to clear up points which he found otherwise inexplicable, has referred me to the two following passages, which would seem to prove that Norwich was the Venta Icenorum, almost beyond dispute.

William of Poitiers, chaplain to William the Conqueror, and attending him in many of his expeditions, says in his 'Life of the Conqueror,' in relating his return to Normandy in 1067:—

"Gwenta urbs est nobilis atque valens, cives ac finitimos habet divites, indios, et audaces: Danos in auxilium ceteris recipere potest: a mari quod Anglos a Britis separat, milia passuum quatuor-decem distat. Hujus quoque urbis intra mœnia, munitionem construxit, ibidem Guillelmum reliquit Osborni filium præcipuum in exercitu suo, et in vice sua interim toti regno Aquilonem versus præcæset."—*Hist. Norman. Scriptores*, 208.

Ordericus Vitalis, also a contemporary, and born in England, under the year 1067, states:—

"Intra mœnia Gwenta, opibus et munimine nobilis urbis, et mari contigua, validam arcem construxit, ibique Guillelmum Osborni filium in exercitu suo præcipuum reliquit, eumque vice sua toti Regno versus Aquilonem præcæset."—*ibid.*

Now, William, on his return to Normandy in 1067, left the wardenship of the whole country to the South to his half brother Odo,—in whose division, it should appear, Winchester must have lain; and the description of the 'Gwenta' committed to William Fitzosbern, tallying in every point with the position of Norwich, seems in every way totally inapplicable to that of Winchester. Taking therefore Norwich as the Gwenta, or Venta, where William constructed his fortifications, or perhaps only greatly strengthened those he found there, the next historical event we come to, is the rebellion in 1074, of Ralph Guader, Earl of Norfolk, Waltheof, Earl of Northumberland, Huntingdon and Northampton, and Roger, Earl of Hereford, the son of William Fitzosbern, who had been killed in the wars of Flanders in 1070; which was planned in the Castle of Norwich, at the marriage of Ralph Guader with Emma the daughter of William Fitzosbern, and sister of Roger, Earl of Hereford. And we then find the Castle so strong that it could not be taken by the king's forces,—that Ralph Guader escaped by sea to his castle of Guader in Brittany,—and that the countess and her garrison were at last only driven to capitulate by famine, under a safe conduct for her and her adherents. On the return of William from Normandy, he imprisoned Earl Roger,—who died in captivity; and also committed Waltheof and his wife Judith, the Conqueror's niece, to close custody. And here we come to some coincidences between Norwich and Winchester, so remarkable that it may be difficult to determine in which the imprisonment and execution of Waltheof took place, Ordericus Vitalis

states that Waltheof was imprisoned in "Guenta,"—that the Normans greatly feared his escape,—and that he was taken out to execution in the morning, whilst the inhabitants were still sleeping, "extra Urbem Gwentam," to a hill over against it, where the Church of St. Giles's "nunc constructa est." This perfectly answers to the position of our St. Giles's, out of the ten city, inhabited by the English, on arising ground by the new borough inhabited the French, and where the church of St. Giles appears to have been built in the time of the Conqueror. After the execution, the body of Waltheof was buried in the crossways on the hill of St. Giles; but was afterwards transferred to Croyland, where it was deposited in a tomb near the high altar, and wrought many miracles. On the whole, however, I should think that the probability may be, that the execution of Waltheof took place at Winchester.

On the accession of William Rufus, the Castle of Norwich was seized by Roger Bygod, and for some time held by him for Robert Curthose. Knighton, in his Chronicle, mentions the Castle of Norwich amongst the many castles which he enumerates as having been built by William Rufus. And as the works must have been much damaged by the preceding sieges, it appears most likely that the present keep, of the same stone and of the same style of architecture with the Cathedral, was built by him, and then received its Norman name of Blanchefleur. (*X. Scriptores*, p. 2373).

Taking, then, Norwich for the Venta Icenorum of the Romans,—called Caer-Guntum by the British, and Northwic by the Saxons and Danes,—you find the capital of the Iceni founded on the shoulder of the promontory overlooking the Wensum, towards the great estuary which formed a natural stronghold for successive races of inhabitants. Whilst the Romans, fixing their permanent camp at Caistor on the Taes, where that river joined the estuary into which the Wensum, the Taes, and the Yare all discharged themselves, would command the passage into the interior of the country,—and taking Caistor for the "Ad Taum," you will find the distances sufficiently to agree with the Roman itineraries.

The camp at the Caistor contains an area of about thirty-five acres, and the Roman station at Taesborough, on another promontory higher up upon the stream, has an area of about twenty-four acres. The great inundations which altered the form of the coast, appear to have taken place in the centuries preceding and immediately following the Conquest; there appear no historical data as to the progress of the silting up of the rivers.

The almost entire destruction of all documents relating to the kingdom of the East Angles, probably through the irruptions of the Danes, leaves us less acquainted with this, than with any other, kingdom of the Saxon heptarchy. But taking Norwich for the Venta, the capital of the Iceni, you get an indication of a continuous story, which, true or false, brings together most of the various traditions. You have the castle founded by Gurgunt, the grandson of Malmuthus Dunwallo, who is said to have died in the year 336 before the Christian era. You find Boadicea issuing from the capital of the Iceni, slaughtering 70,000 of the Romans and their allies, and overrunning the whole country, till she was finally vanquished on her march against the other "Venta," Winchester. Norwich is stated to have been the residence of Uffa, A.D. 575,—Anna, King of the East Angles, to have had the Castle in 642,—lands granted to the monastery of Ely by Etheldreda, the widow of Tombert, held by service of Castle-guard of the Castle of Norwich, about 677,—the Castle destroyed by Alfred, and granted by him to Guntrum,—destroyed by Swain in 1004, and rebuilt by Canute in 1017,—which brings you to the fortifications of William the Conqueror, and the probable construction of the present Keep by William Rufus.

Norwich Castle became a prison in the reign of Henry the Third; and, by the Sheriff's report, the whole was greatly dilapidated in the reign of Edward the Third, when the defences were secured by the erection of the walls of the city.

For those visiting Caistor, the best position for seeing the whole course of the estuary of the Yare, was from a spot on Merkeshall hills, where the old church of Merkeshall stood, but since covered by the plantations of the late Mr. Dashwood. As far, however,

as I can judge from a distance, I think the works of the newly projected railroad, will have reopened the view.—Mr. Woodward's map of the Venta Icenorum gives all the localities. But the clearest indication, beyond all compare, of the courses of the estuary and the rivers, is in Mr. Woodward's map in his 'Geology of Norfolk';—where the alluvial soil distinctly shows the access of the waters to the Roman camp on the Taes.

SHAKESPEARE'S HOUSE.

THERE is, we are happy to announce, every reason now to believe that the threatened desecration of one of the popular shrines will be averted—and that the house which tradition has assigned as the birthplace of the World's Poet will be finally secured to the nation. Various agencies have of late been earnestly at work in the matter; and to secure for these the reinforcement yet needed to make them effectual, we think it desirable to expose to our readers at length the present state of the question.

That any advocacy should be needed in such a cause is the one thing remarkable in this matter. It must have sounded strangely in the ears of foreign enthusiasts to hear that this place of pilgrimage was *in the market*! Considering the worship which Shakespeare has in England, there is something remarkable in the very language which announces the fact—that a dwelling which has been glorified by his familiar presence should have found its way to the Auction Mart, as if it were any other hereditament—and its "haunting memories" have become an argument for the cant of the auctioneer. Seeing how widely the archaeological feeling generally is in our day diffused—and in particular the interest which has been held to attach to any relic involving the great Poet's personality—it is difficult to explain how an instant public movement should not have intervened to arrest the sacrilegious hammer. The public apathy in such a matter is in strange and inexplicable contrast with the avowed public idolatry.—It may be, however, that the very singularity of the announcement has been the cause of the apathy. It fell upon the ears of men as an unreality. No one believed in the passing away from amongst us of such a possession as a thing possible;—and thus, what is emphatically every man's business had nearly incurred the full penalty of the proverb,—and ended disastrously by being nobody's.

Certain it is that there is a vast deal of sentimental enthusiasm abroad on the subject of Shakespeare; but this has no value at the Auction Mart—and a single thousand pounds will in open market outbid any amount of it. The one thing needed is the representation of a very small portion of that enthusiasm in circulating coin of the realm. That the risk should be voluntarily incurred of Shakespeare's house becoming individual property when the public have the chance of making it national—that our countrymen should bear to think of anything belonging to Shakespeare being *private*—or that they should endure the notion, absurd as it is sacrilegious, of the fine associations and crowding memories that haunt the site being put on wheels and dragged about the world.—is among the modern miracles of the English mind.—The last proposition, indeed, was a thing not to be effected without a waste of the Treasure itself. The Lares that haunt homes will not emigrate—and what home had ever such Lares as the house of Shakespeare! The finest Spirits of the place will not leave Stratford. Dryads are there, whose trees are the roof-beams—and who would die with their dismantling. There are associations that will not bear removing. As in the text of the Bard, so about the old house, there are passages that cannot be translated.—The former proposition, which might have shut the matchless relic up within some individual's park—the notion that any visible expression or suggestion of him whose fame the world is not too large to contain should be inclosed within a ring-fence—is nearly as unpalatable.

But even supposing that it were not so—and that the property were secured where it stands and worthily bestowed in private hands for the present,—what security, in individual keeping, would there be against the chances of the future? What guarantee is there that a railway may not ride it down?—or that the Genius of building speculation, following in the track of some such monster "leading," may not finally level "the old

house" which in a sense is every man's "home,"—and rear in its place a trim modern Shakspeareton, with its Timon Terraces, Rosalind Rows, and Cordelia Squares?

To snatch the hallowed property from such future risks, it was—and is—necessary that the public itself should come into the market by some one of its agencies. The case is one far too exceptional to have been dragged into a precedent against the government, had it bought—and government was here the proper purchaser. The nation, that ratifies so much outlay with which it has no sympathies, would have ratified this further item with all its heart. But governments generally are not even sentimental—and ours had no money for purposes so unpolitical and merely spiritual as this. Our government knows little of literary representation. Were it otherwise, it might be supposed that one who has the largest constituency in the world—who represents all England, to say the least—would have more interest with the Minister. Lord Morpeth said, the purchase of Shakespeare's house was an affair of the nation;—and the nation is now, therefore, called upon to take the matter into its own hands.

On Saturday last, the meeting was held which we announced of the members of the Museum Club:—when a subscription was set on foot, a set of resolutions were passed, in furtherance of this object, and a committee was appointed for their carrying out. As the question of the authenticity of the monument has been raised—and as the doubt seems the only reasonable impediment in the way of subscription—we may mention that at this meeting Mr. Charles Knight produced a summary of the evidence on which the claim of the house to be a relic rests: and we will give it, in the words of the Report then privately taken, for the benefit of our readers.—

An attempt (he said) had often been made to detract from the interest attaching to Shakespeare's House at Stratford-on-Avon, by an assertion that the poet was not actually born there;—and he (Mr. Knight) freely acknowledged that this must always be a doubtful point. But it was, at all events, an object of great public interest, as being an authentic—and the only authentic—relic of Shakespeare. There could be no doubt whatever, that he was born at Stratford-on-Avon—as he was baptized there on the 26th of April, 1564; and it was very probable that he was actually born in that very house. In 1555, the court rolls show that his father purchased two *copyhold* tenements—one in Greenhill-street, one in Henley-street. The latter, however, notwithstanding its locality, could not be the house now in question—which is freehold of inheritance. They all, however, help to fix him and his family in the neighbourhood. He married in 1557. Ten years after the Poet's birth, we find it recorded that John Shakespeare, his father, purchased two freehold houses with orchards;—and one of these is clearly identified with what is popularly called Shakespeare's house. But though it was ten years after Shakespeare's birth that these houses were purchased, there is no evidence at all that they were not rented by his father prior to the purchase—and, therefore, no reason to doubt the truth of the tradition which affirms that he was actually born in that house. Though he (Mr. Knight) knew how little mere tradition was to be relied on in such matters, the belief in its truth certainly existed a century ago—and the people at Stratford said two centuries ago. A Mr. Wheeler, of Stratford, who had made considerable researches into the subject, affirmed that the tradition could be traced yet further back. In 1769, when the Garrick Jubilee took place at Stratford, the opinion was currently received as a true one. There can be no doubt that the purchase made by John Shakespeare was of the house in Henley-street; and it is also distinctly shown that the property never passed out of the hands of Shakespeare's family until it was sold to the ancestors of the present possessors,—with the exception of a small portion of the orchard, having a street frontage, which John Shakespeare sold in 1597. At his death in 1601, the houses descended to William Shakespeare as his heir-at-law; who, in 1616, bequeathed two messuages in Henley-street to his daughter Susannah Hall,—there having been a previous bequest of a life interest, subject to the payment of twelve-pence to his sister Joan Hart, of "the house and appurtenances wherein she dwelt." This house is what is now known as "Shakespeare's house"—with the addition of what are now two other cottages, but which then adjoined it. One of these was in 1642 known as the Maidenhead Inn;—prior to which, in his (Mr. Knight's) opinion, they formed all one house: and a drawing made in 1789, which he had in his possession, exhibited the two messuages with one uniform timbered front. In 1807, according to a second drawing, the attic floor which was represented in the first had ceased to exist. After Joan Hart's death in 1646, the property went to Shakespeare's grand-daughter Elizabeth, under his will; and she bequeathed it to Thomas and George Hart, the grandsons of Shakespeare's sister Joan. In the hands of their descendants the property—gradually diminished by sales of the parts formerly orchard and garden—remained till 1806: when the Shakespeare house was first sold out of the family—and passed into the hands, he supposed, of the predecessors of those who now wished to sell it again.

Among the resolutions passed by the Museum

Club was one calling upon the various archaeological and literary societies of the metropolis and the Shakespeare Club of Stratford-upon-Avon to co-operate with them in an appeal to the public—and appointing a sub-committee to communicate with those bodies. The Stratford Club have responded warmly to the offer of fraternization; and sent up a statement of what they have already done—from which it will appear that they have been very earnestly at work, and have effected something of importance towards the object. They have actually completed the purchase, for the sum of £207, of the four tenements formerly part of the Birth-place—as is still evident "from the continuation of the framed timber front and from the old doorways communicating internally." The rooms now exhibited as the house in which the poet was born and that portion of the old house now known as the Swan and Maidenhead public house are the property at present in the market.

The Shakespeare Club, then, are now actually in possession of a portion of the house in which Shakespeare is said to have been born—and where he certainly lived—as trustees for the nation; and have interested in the acquisition of the rest many influential persons. Prince Albert has contributed a liberal donation of £250;—and in the domain of mere taste or imagination could have found, we will venture to say, no way more direct to the national heart.—As we have already announced, the Chief Commissioner of Woods and Forests has offered his department to "take charge of Shakespeare's house as a just object of national care" when the public shall have bought it. But a large sum will be wanted to effect the entire object—and a larger still to embrace such views as we would connect with the purchase, and to relieve the government of its cheap responsibility.—As we have also stated, the Archaeological Association are already in co-operation with the Shakespeare Club; and the Honorary Secretary of the latter announces to us that a deputation of the Committee will immediately after the elections come to London and confer with its associates as to the formation of a general Metropolitan Committee and a joint appeal to the public. In anticipation of this, we have laid the whole argument before our readers; and hope they will feel with us, that (in the words of the Shakespeare Club) "as this object of national interest has fortunately been handed down to our days, it becomes an imperative duty to posterity to transmit it to future ages with every mark of honour and veneration."

Since the above was in type we are informed by the Chairman of the Stratford Committee that Her Majesty Queen Adelaide has sent in her name as a patron to the fund—accompanied by a donation of £100; and that the Corporation of Stratford-upon-Avon have, out of very limited finances, voted a sum of £100, to the same object.

We have received intelligence, too, that at the General Meeting of the Archaeological Institute held at Norwich on Thursday last, a sub-committee of that body was appointed to communicate with the Government on the same subject. The proposition was moved by Mr. John Kemble, the son of Charles Kemble; and led to an animated discussion. The following are the names of the Sub-Committee:—The Marquis of Northampton, Sir Philip Egerton, Sir Richard Westmacott, Albert Way, Esq., and Peter Cunningham, Esq. The two latter are already in communication with the authorities in London, on behalf of the Institute.

And we further learn, at the last moment, that Lord Morpeth has consented to be President and Lord Ellesmere Vice-President of a General Metropolitan Committee.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

Our readers will find in another part of our paper our usual report of a portion of the proceedings of the Archaeological Institute at Norwich during the past week:—and here, a brief sketch of what was seen and said and done will not be without its interest to the absent members of the Institute and the students of Archaeology. Our last week's paper announced the excursion on Thursday to Caistor Camp. Friday was wholly engrossed by the discourse of Prof. Willis on Norwich Cathedral, and the subsequent visit to the Cathedral—when the Professor explained

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on the spot the particular portions of the building referred to in his lecture. The evening terminated with a *conversazione* at the Palace; when the whole of the building was thrown open, from the stately drawing-rooms and dining-rooms to the wine and beer cellars and kitchens—a part of the palace built by Herbert de Losinga, the William of Wykeham of Norwich and its neighbourhood. The Bishop, with some archaeological feeling, had his cellars lighted up, that the antiquaries might see the broad simple groining of his predecessors' palace. Even ladies ventured down; and the thirstier antiquaries indulged in some of the Bishop's seven-year-old ale—smacking their lips while they compared it with that of Trinity and asked the butler for the A.D. of its brewage. Saturday was wholly taken up by a long excursion to Walsingham Priory and Binham Abbey—many of the party including East Barsham Hall (a fine brick mansion of the time of Henry VIII.), and the little decorated chapel at Houghton in the Dale on their pilgrimage. At Walsingham the party were entertained by James Lee Warner, Esq., to whom the ruins of the Priory belong; and at Binham by the tenant-farmer: the former affording champagne and chickens, the latter beef and beer—both the best of their kind, and well enjoyed by a set of hungry antiquaries. At East Dereham—where the members quitted their carriages for the rail—a visit was made to the early English church in which Cowper and Mary Unwin are buried beneath incongruous tombs and tasteless inscriptions. Never was worse taste seen in so small a compass. Monday included a visit to Burgh Castle (a Roman ruin in Suffolk)—Caister Castle in Norfolk (the castle of the Fastolf family)—and the Church of St. Nicholas, Yarmouth, a very large and fine church of mixed styles now undergoing a judicious repair. With true Norfolk hospitality, as many as four luncheons were provided for the members—one by the Rev. Mr. Green of Burgh, a second by Mr. Everett of Caister (a fine old farmer, hearty and hale in his 87th year)—a third by the Rev. Henry Mackenzie, the incumbent of St. Nicholas—and a fourth by Mr. Dawson Turner. The day concluded with a dinner, at which one hundred and thirty sat down, in the Town Hall—the mayor in the chair; and a *conversazione* given by Mr. C. J. Palmer in his fine old Elizabethan drawing-rooms. Tuesday was devoted to sectional purposes.—Wednesday to an excursion to Ely Cathedral: where Prof. Willis delivered a second interesting lecture; and liberal collations were supplied by the Bishop of Ely, the Dean of Ely, and Mr. Canon Sparke. Sir John Boileau concluded the hospitalities of the day with a dinner at Ketteringham Hall to forty of the members.—Thursday, the last day, was reserved for sectional purposes and the business of the General Meeting. The Central Committee communicated to the Meeting that they had determined on keeping open the temporary museum at the Swan for another week; charging one shilling a-piece for the first three days and throwing it open freely to the public for the last three. This communication was received with general acclamation.

The fund for the protection of the nine orphan children of the late Rev. J. Hewlett has reached a sum exceeding 1,000*l.*:—"but what are these amongst so many?" We believe it is the intention of the gentlemen entrusted with its management to close the list with the last day of September; and hope that the final advertisement of names and subscriptions on the 1st of October will show some amount more adequate to secure nine orphans from destitution.

An appeal is made, through the columns of the *Universæ*, to that humanity which seeks the alleviation of all the varied forms of suffering that are curable—to add one to the many public charities which grace the crowned England better than her crown. An asylum in the metropolis for Idiots is the object proposed: and a provisional committee has been formed to receive communications for the present at the King's Head, Poultry, and at the office of the *Universæ*. The education of the Idiot, too hastily placed in the category of moral impossibilities, has been found by experiment in various European countries to be a labour yielding most gracious fruits. While the blind man may be taught and the lunatic restored, idiocy is not the sole waste in nature, moral or physical, for which there can be no reclaiming.

As applied to the earlier periods of life, in particular, it is asserted that the evil, as in the case of insanity, is wholly physical. If, says the *Universæ*, the young Idiot "be taken early, and carefully trained and educated on the principle that there is mind and that it only demands physical manifestation, much that is essential to life, if not all that is desirable, may be secured."—The object is well worthy the attention of the philanthropist; and we gladly bring it under the notice of our readers.

We have already given a general sketch of the proceedings of the Archaeological Association at Warwick; to which we will add the titles of papers there read. In addition to Mr. Wright's paper 'On the Coventry Mysteries,' read, as we have already said, on Thursday, the same gentleman read at the evening meeting on Monday one 'On the Romance of Guy of Warwick.' A paper by the Rev. Beale Post 'On the Chronicle of John Rouse of Warwick' had previously been read. Mr. Braebridge read a description of the nine figures in painted glass representing the Earls of Chester formerly in the windows of Aston Hall, and now at his seat in Warwickshire. On Tuesday were read a paper by Sir R. Meyrick 'On the Effigy of Richard de Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick, in the Beauchamp Chapel of St. Mary's Church,'—one by Mr. W. H. Rogers, 'On Ancient Enamel and the works into which it was introduced'—and one by Mr. G. Isaacs in illustration of the same subject in its application to goldsmiths' work. To Sir W. Betham's paper on Irish antiquities we have already alluded. Wednesday's papers were—'An account of the popular tracts which composed the library of Capt. Cox, a humourist, who took part in the Hock Tuesday play performed before Queen Elizabeth, at Kenilworth, in 1755,' by Mr. Halliwell—and 'Notes relative to Architecture and Buildings, from Mediaeval Manuscripts,' by Mr. Wright. On Thursday Mr. Fairholt read part of a paper 'On Monumental Tablets lately discovered on the site of the Monastery of Kenilworth; and one by Mr. Halliwell was read 'On the Credibility of Traditional Anecdotes respecting Shakespeare—more especially regarding the story of his stealing deer from Sir Thomas Lucy's Park.'

We spoke last week of the volcano of Fogo—or Fuego; and the Fire-Spirit, it would appear, is giving signs of his re-awakening at other points. A certain oscillatory movement for some time past observed on the summit of the crater of Etna has excited the solicitude of the Neapolitan government; and a commission of three members of the Royal Academy of Sciences in Naples has been charged to examine into the actual condition of the volcano, and report thereon.

From Berlin, it is stated that the Prussian Government has consulted each of the Universities of that kingdom as to the propriety of admitting Hebrew professors to university chairs;—and that of Berlin has already returned an affirmative answer.

The *Prussian State Gazette* of the 28th ult. announces a discovery to have taken place in the Library of the Ossolinski at Lemberg, which has created, it is said, considerable interest amongst German philologists and geographers. A fragment of the history of Trojans Pompeius has been found—treating of Illyria and the war against the Dacians.

The University of Munich is steadily advancing to a first place among German institutions of the kind. The Universities of Vienna, Prague, and Berlin alone exceed now the number of its students. Those at Munich amount, at present, to fifteen hundred and sixty-two.

The Congress of Scandinavian naturalists held its last sitting at Copenhagen on the 17th ult.—in presence of the King. It was decided to meet next in 1850 at Stockholm. The dignity of Grand Cross of the Order of Danebrog has been conferred on the Baron de Berzelius; and the King has bestowed the decoration of Commander of the same order on M. Hansteen of Christiania and M. Nilsson of Lund; and that of Knight on MM. Ekstroem-Efner and Reitzius, Swedes, and MM. Corander and Faye, Norwegians.

From Hamburg, it is stated that a society of rich merchants has been formed in that city with the object of establishing a perpetual Exhibition of the products of the industry of all European nations. It is proposed to construct an immense bazaar for

the purpose on one of the river quays; and decorate it with—so says the report—"Asiatic luxury and magnificence."

The Academy of Inscriptions and Belles Lettres in Paris held its annual public sitting for the distribution of its prizes on the 30th ult. M. Lenormannis read his report on the competing memoirs. The Gobert prizes at the disposition of this Academy were given to M. Louis Raynal for his *Histoire du Berri* and M. Francisque Michel for his *Histoire des Races naudites*. The Baron Walckenaër, Perpetual Secretary, read a notice on the life of the Marquis de Pastoret;—and a fragment by M. Augustin Thierry was read, in his name, on 'The History and Formation of the *Tiers-Etat*.'

In the French journal, the *Institut*, there appears an announcement, by M. Arago, of a significant character. He himself, he says, and his colleagues were of opinion that the *Annuaire* of the Board of Longitudes ought to contain an account of the famous planet—"of the planet," says M. Arago, "which I proposed to call *Le Ferrier*, but which foreigners, on the ground of a certain pretended decision of the Board of Longitude, now call *Neptune*." He goes on to say that in England, Germany, Italy and Switzerland indisputably erroneous statements have been published, which ought to be set right. He had hoped that others would have partaken his *susceptibilité*;—but he finds himself mistaken. *They who by one word could have made the truth quite clear* [we know the French plural;—why not have said M. Le-verrier at once?—] *they who were most directly interested, have kept an obstinate silence*. Accordingly, he determines to fight his battle alone; and, because he will be obliged to be very polemical, he announces that he will make a separate publication on his own responsibility. M. Arago has let two cats out of one bag—first, that the opinion of Europe is against him; secondly, that that of France is not with him. We predicted that M. Arago would find opponents in France; but we confess we were not prepared so soon to hear him acknowledge, not merely opposition, but want of support. We know that he has a gallant spirit, and will charge as brilliantly as Murat himself; but we suspect the attempt which he is about to make will resemble that of the dashing cavalry man on the kingdom of Naples. Now, that the question is really settled, both France and *les étrangers* will look on with amusement at the *suites* of hasty judgment and rash self-committal.

The Geological Society of France will hold its extraordinary session this year at Epinal;—assembling there on the 10th of next month.

The French papers give the particulars of an adventure which lends to the familiar and somewhat commonplace face of modern literature the colouring of old romance. M. Moras, a "man of letters" inhabiting Mayence, is a relation of Herr Heinzen, a political writer; and has fallen under the suspicion of not only introducing the writings of his kinsman into Prussia but even lending a helping hand to their composition. On this charge he was arrested at Mayence; and on the demand of the Prussian Government—whose subject he is—was to be given up to the authorities of that kingdom and lodged in the fortress of Ehrenbreitstein. Accordingly, he was conveyed, in custody of a Prussian gendarme and a Hessian, on board the Düsseldorf steam-boat; a crowd of his friends having assembled to witness his departure—and some of them bearing him company on board. When the boat neared a small island in the Rhine, the prisoner sprang from the deck; and, diving at intervals like Balfour of Burley, swam towards the island—from which a boat put out to meet him. On the demand of the officers, the captain of the steam-boat stopped his engines, and gave them a skiff and some sailors for the chase of the fugitive. But the latter and his friends had not gone into the adventure by halves. The pursuers were fired on from the island by some of these outlaws—and kept from landing. As the steamer was obliged to continue her course, a Rhine boatman was called; and the gendarmes entered his boat with a view to further proceedings. But, either by accident or intention, the boatman dropped his steering-pole when in the middle of the current—and the boat was swept away from the isle. Meantime, the fugitive and his friends crossed the river—entered a carriage which was waiting for them—and are, the report says, now in safety. For the sake of Litera-

ture and the honour of Romance, we hope it may turn out so—but we counsel them to keep clear of the Prussian frontier.

ST. MARK'S, VENICE.

DIORAMA, REGENT'S PARK.—NOW OPEN, with a new and highly interesting Exhibition, representing the INTERIOR OF ST. MARK'S, at VENICE, justly considered one of the most magnificent temples in the Christian world; and a VIEW OF TIVOLI, near ROME, with the Cascades, &c. The picture of St. Mark's is painted by M. Dioso (pupil of M. Daguerre), from drawings made on the spot expressly for the Diorama by the late M. Renoux. The View of Tivoli is painted by M. Bouton. Both pictures exhibit various novel and striking effects of light and shade. Open from Ten till Six.—Admission, Saloon, 1s.; Stalls, 2s.

ROYAL POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION.—COLLINS'S ODE ON THE PASSIONS will be recited by Mr. J. RUSSELL, with Illustrations in a Series of Drawings magnified by means of the Opaque Microscope, accompanied by Music by Dr. Wallis, on the Mornings of Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, and on the Evenings of Tuesday and Thursday. Dr. Bachoffner's Lectures on Natural Philosophy will comprise the subject of the Electric Telegraph, &c. Chemical Lectures by H. M. Nod, Esq., on the Evenings of Monday, Wednesday and Friday. The beautiful Optical Effects include the late Dissolving Views, Diving Bell and Diver, with Experiments, &c. &c.—Admission, 1s.; Schools, Half-price.

THE BOSJESMANS OF SOUTH AFRICA at the EGYPTIAN HALL, PICCADILLY, from Eleven till Five daily; and at CROSBY HALL, RUSHGATE-STREET, City, from Six to Nine in the Evening, Admission, 1s.—“I have been among these people for twelve years, and can certify that they are correct specimens of that decreasing race of Boesmen inhabiting the interior of South Africa.”—ROBERT MOFFATT, Son of the Missionary.

The audience at Exeter Hall were wonderstruck at beholding them.—“A plummy race of wild men.”—*Post*. This Exhibition is visited by the most distinguished of the nobility and men of science, whose autographs may be seen at the Hall.

SOCIETIES

STATISTICAL.—May 17.—A Statistical Account of the Markets of London, by J. Fletcher, Esq., showed the origin of the City's ancient monopoly of markets for the surrounding districts in the primitive habits of early ages; and gave a sketch of its fairs—now nearly extinct in the dying debaucheries of Smithfield, after a warfare against them carried on for centuries by the more sober-minded citizens. From the various details of their tolls, management, income, expenditure, traffic, and prices, it appeared that the Corporation markets are now reduced to five:—those, namely, of Smithfield, Newgate, Leadenhall, Farringdon, and Billingsgate, under the superintendence of a staff of officers in the receipt of emoluments amounting to 2,266l. 17s. 9d., paid wholly out of the general funds of the corporation, except 58l. 16s. 4d. received in various fees. The income and expenditure of these markets in 1842 was as follows:—

	Income.	£.	s.	d.
Leadenhall	2,501	5	11
Newgate	3,941	11	1
Farringdon	997	16	2
Smithfield	7,301	12	2
Billingsgate	3,562	11	8½
Total	£18,204	17	0½	
	Expenditure.	£.	s.	d.
Leadenhall	1,542	7	1
Newgate	1,134	13	9
Farringdon	876	11	8
Smithfield	1,778	15	8
Billingsgate	3,136	19	10
General expenses, including 2000l. for Committee's entertainments	409	16	1
Balance in favour of City's Cash	9,325	12	1½
Total	£18,204	17	0½	

From all the City markets, therefore, the Corporation derives a net income of upwards of 9,000l. per annum; and from that of Smithfield alone about 5,500l. In 1833 the number of cattle sold in Smithfield Market was 152,093, and of sheep 1,167,820; in 1844 the number of cattle was 186,191, of sheep 1,609,130, and of calves 19,011. The claim maintained by the Corporation of the City of London—the municipal government of one-tenth of the town—to a monopoly of markets, so far as they shall choose, for the whole of it, because the outlying portions occupy the formerly rural districts, over which its common law right of exclusive market extended, has necessarily been on successive occasions relinquished. But in one particular it is still used, to continue the infliction upon the whole metropolis of the dangerous and disgusting nuisance of Smithfield Cattle Market. Beyond the interests of a few local tradesmen, the only ostensible ground for dragging into the centre of the metropolis the whole of the vast traffic in live cattle for the food of its inhabitants, is that the Corporation may secure its profit of 3,700l. to 4,000l. per annum from this source. To

obtaining compensation for this, the Corporation would find not the least difficulty; but it would appear almost as though it were the nuisance itself, and not the public revenue, which they defend; for they did not hesitate to spend 6,997l. 15s. 3d., or two years' net income in opposing the Islington Market Bill in 1834-5; or 29,665l. 4s. 1d. more in enlarging the market, and thereby enlarging the nuisance, in 1836-8—being a total sacrifice of about ten years' revenue, or half the whole value—rather than permit relief to the inhabitants of the metropolis from absolute danger in encountering the drovers with their goaded cattle,—when they might have effectually secured, by an arrangement in Parliament, their own full revenue, and even the private vested interests in the nuisance. The legal claim of the Corporation to levy tolls as they do on the ground newly thrown into the market is doubtful. Indeed, opinions have been given against it by their own officers. Exclusive of this ground, there is but an area of less than four acres and a half—originally, as its name implies, an open field outside the town, but now inclosed in its very heart, and accessible on almost every side only through the narrowest and most constantly thronged streets in the metropolis. It is occupied partly by pens for sheep and pigs, and partly by open thoroughfares in which the cattle stand; and is surrounded by a wooden rail, to which as many cattle as can stand or lie side by side are tied by the neck. But its entire area is often insufficient to accommodate the vast numbers of cattle which are seeking to press into it: and much of the time even of the butchers themselves is taken up in the market in providing for their personal safety. Four times the space would be required for the proper disposal of this vast amount of animal life without injury to itself, and consequently to the wholesomeness of the consumers' food. The cattle receive more injury in pecuniary value on the day they are taken to market than during their whole journey to reach it; the total loss thus inflicted on the community being probably ten times the value of the City's net profit from the market. Did there exist in the metropolis even any such authority as a Board of Health, which should place this nuisance before the Legislature in its true light, there would be some hope of the resistance of the Common Council being effectually overcome.—The markets of Newgate and Leadenhall are places disgraceful to any large city at the present day. They are in fact great slaughtering places as well as markets; in which the cattle are killed and flayed in dark, confined, and filthy cellars, in some of which from fifty to a hundred sheep together will be confined in the closest possible space, until the working butchers shall have successively despatched the whole of them. The influences upon the public health from these sinks of garbage, precisely at the places to which so much of the population resort for traffic, will become obvious to any one who shall visit the localities, more by olfactory indications than by any evidence to the eyes in the thoroughfare,—since the whole labour is performed under ground, in a space still more confined than that into which the business of these markets is itself with great inconvenience compressed. The whole of the slaughtering business ought to be expelled from the heart of the town, at whatever cost; and the market of Newgate might then, supposing the live cattle market also removed, occupy the fine space afforded by Smithfield,—while that from which it was removed would, with some small contiguous properties, present the means of accomplishing the much desired enlargement of Newgate Gaol.—It requires no disquisition to apply these facts to the notable scheme now before the public for adding a subterranean slaughter-house to the existing nuisance.

FINE ARTS

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Royal Gems from the Galleries of Europe. Parts 10, 11, 12, and 13. Edited by S. C. Hall.—In a work whose profession it is to offer specimens of the distinguished talents of the leading painters, past and present, of Europe, how is the presence of Mr. Salter's 'Young Cavalier' (in Part 10), or 'The Roman Children' (in Part 13), explained? That Mr. Salter has talent is not to be disputed—but it is not of foremost rank. The other pictures are well se-

lected;—and many are well engraved. That (in Part 12) from Mr. Middleton's picture of 'The Siren,' by J. Stephenson, may be particularly mentioned.

Greece, Pictorial, Descriptive and Historical. By Christopher Wordsworth, D.D. Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5.—One of those pleasant books, publishing in monthly parts, which the facilities of modern travel, aided by the graphic powers of illustration, bring daily before the public. The engravings on wood are admirable.

The Heroines of Shakspeare. Parts 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, and 14.—The majority of these studies, by Mr. John William Wright, show the painter's sense of variety in character and action. His 'Queen Katherine' (in No. 13), however, though good in pose, is no realization of the high-minded and injured lady whom it personifies. Of the four illustrations by Kenny Meadows—Lady Macbeth (in No. 9), Rosalind (in No. 11), Titania (in No. 13), and Cressida (in No. 14)—none embodies the sentiment demanded; while the figures selected as its vehicles are ill-drawn, and obviously not studied from Nature. Mr. Eggs's 'Katherine,' from 'Taming the Shrew,' (in No. 14) is a capital study from his well-known picture.

The Pictorial Gallery of Arts. Parts 23, 24, 25, 26, and 27.—Parts 23 and 24 of this publication conclude the article on Sculpture, and commence an able article on Painting by R. N. Wornum. This, continued through Parts 25 and 26, brings its history down to the practice of the confederated German school operating under the auspices of Ludwig I. of Bavaria; and each of its phases is illustrated by some powerful example of practice that sets the whole scheme before the eye of the student. Many of the woodcuts which have from time to time occurred in the Penny Magazine re-appear here.

The Tradesman's Book of Ornamental Design. —Parts 1 and 2. One of those serial publications devoted to the arts as applied to manufactures which the spirit of the times and the establishment of Schools of Design in our commercial towns are evoking from the press. "The diligent student," says Mr. Ballantine in the portion of an essay prefixed to the second number, "who comes unprejudiced to the inquiry, will soon discover that every style has something to recommend it,—something which renders it peculiarly adapted to the age and country in which it has been most generally practised."—"We could better, then, have understood the value of a publication which should give prints from actual examples, illustrating the practice of particular times"—from whence, as Mr. Ballantine again observes, the student would "probably discover that beautiful combinations are to be found in each and all of the various styles; and that though the elements of Beauty are few and simple, they are capable of diversified arrangements and combinations, and present, in their practical application to the purposes of Art, a boundless field for invention." Theory and practice do not exactly square in this publication. True specimens of distinct styles are not given; but *refacimenti* (original designs) are set up as dogmas, not records, of ancient practice. We are already too much the slaves of precedent. Our architects labour by prescription, as a lawyer models his case out of a digest of reports. We have too much of authority,—without increasing the mass of mere imitations by publications which neither present examples archaeologically nor venture upon modes of their own.

Handbook of Anatomy for Students of the Fine Arts. By J. A. Wheeler.—A little pocket-companion; which the author says he has arranged in a way suitable for the easiest reference,—and asserts to be a particular convenience to those actually engaged in drawing. The advantage of such a book as a matter of reference simply will be readily conceded. But without minute inspection and drawing of the parts with accompanying demonstration, it is not possible for the student to arrive at any certain conclusion respecting the structure or office of a bone or a muscle. The engravings and their descriptions are at best but references which he may consult by way of refreshing his memory; but they will not instruct him thoroughly in conformation. Of all things to be desired in æsthetic education in this country there is none more pressing than that the student should undergo a course of such anatomical investigation as the study of the human figure implies,—without which its delineation will ever be but vague and uncertain.

Portraits of Great Artists. By Edward Frederic Jones. The author has arranged in a way suitable for the easiest reference,—and asserts to be a particular convenience to those actually engaged in drawing. The advantage of such a book as a matter of reference simply will be readily conceded. But without minute inspection and drawing of the parts with accompanying demonstration, it is not possible for the student to arrive at any certain conclusion respecting the structure or office of a bone or a muscle. The engravings and their descriptions are at best but references which he may consult by way of refreshing his memory; but they will not instruct him thoroughly in conformation. Of all things to be desired in æsthetic education in this country there is none more pressing than that the student should undergo a course of such anatomical investigation as the study of the human figure implies,—without which its delineation will ever be but vague and uncertain.

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Portraits and Memoirs of the most Illustrious Persons of Great Britain. Nos. 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, and 21. By Edmund Lodge, Esq.—These numbers, with the neatly engraved portraits and epitomized biographies, sustain the reputation of their predecessors.

The Baronial and Ecclesiastical Antiquities of Scotland illustrated. By Robert William Billings and William Burn.—Here we have the first number of a new topographical work on Scotland; illustrated by four views of the Cathedral of St. Mungo, Glasgow. It promises well.

The Polychromatic Ornament of Italy. By Edward Adams, Architect.—The design of the work—says the author in his preface—is to give a connected illustrated history of the decorative art in Italy. No one who has travelled there with anything like a common amount of observation, could fail to have noticed how every, the most trifling, object—even to a door knocker—has partaken of the spirit which actuated, and the taste which regulated, the more eminent branches of the plastic arts. It has been Mr. Adams's purpose here to treat of decorative art as applied to public buildings; and, in a brief sketch, he has arranged in chronologic order such materials as are supplied by what remain of the labours of those artists who applied themselves to this branch—making their views of the most elevated styles bend to the beautifying and embellishing of the walls of the palace or the public building. The stride made in three centuries—from the time of the geometric forms of the Greek Mosaics seen in the Church of St. Francis, at Assisi, and copied and carried on by the numerous disciples of Giotto—seen also in the miniature decorations of the Frate Angelico, the works ascribed to Filippino Lippi, the ornaments of the Library of the Cathedral of Siena by Pinturicchio, the Borgia Rooms in the Vatican, and the Choir of Sta Maria del Popolo, in Rome, also by him, the Sala del Cambio at Perugia, by Perugino, the chiar-oscuro decorations by Peruzzi and Polidoro da Caravaggio, the works of that prince of decorators, Giovanni da Udine, assisted by Gio. Francesco, Pierino del Vaga, the decorations of the Villa Madama at Rome, and the Palazzo del T at Mantua, by Giulio Romano—down to the decline of the art visible in the time of Gregory the Thirteenth in the labours of Cristofano Roncalli—testify to the influence exercised over such matters by the master minds of the great painters themselves. With the decline of the historic art declined also the decorative. That such remains of Roman decoration as were then known—as Adrian's Villa at Tivoli—the Battle of Diocletian—the Coliseum—and some remains at Pozzuoli and Bajæ—influenced the later artists, is manifest; but it remained for the discovery of the Baths of Titus to fire the mind of a Raphael—who, in his application of the principles which he there discovered to the works of the Vatican, and seconded in his views by so eminent a conadjutor as Giovanni da Udine, produced that assemblage of ornament which surpassed all previous performance. In the coloured engravings with which Mr. Adams has illustrated his book we miss that precision of form and beauty of colour which characterized Mr. Gurner's work on ornamental detail; and which are of paramount importance in one professing to show the styles and character of particular times.—As far as the text is concerned, the fault is its brevity and sketchiness.

The Soldier's Dream of Home is an excellent print, by Edward Goodall, from the well-known picture by Frederick Goodall. The engraver has comprehended in its execution that variety of style which is the habit of the present day—seldom employed with better effect than in this print. The varieties of surface and body are remarkably well coincided in by much changes in the execution as give to each part its appropriate and exclusive character—while all is made to subserve the painter's intention.

Robert's Sketches in Egypt and Nubia. Parts 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5.—The adage, quoted for the millionth time, "tempora mutantur," has rarely been better exemplified than in the productions of the Subject of our present notice. How different are these, our days—when steam and omnibus take us into and over the Desert—from those when the French army, with Denon in its ranks, first opened the way to the publication of these monuments of Egyptian grandeur and intelligence! What Denon began in a formal and coldly

correct transcription, it has remained for Mr. Roberts to complete, by a series of delineations which unite to their correctness a higher sense of the picturesque and the feeling of the painter. With him, the graces of style and execution are united to the severity of facts. To attempt the particularizing of individual subjects in a series of lithographs so universally excellent there is no temptation. The work is, in its kind, one of the most valuable publications of our day—vividly illustrating our readings in history, sacred as well as profane. As an Art-production, it yields to none for the costliness of the manner in which it is issued. Mr. Louis Haghe's well-known talents have been employed for putting on stone Mr. David Roberts's remarkable drawings.

THE NIMROUD MARBLES.

July.

I beg to send you a few notes which I have been tempted to make on the interesting fragments of sculpture lately brought to this country from Nimroud,—and now placed in the British Museum. My remarks are founded chiefly on certain technical peculiarities, which were likely to strike me as a sculptor; and though the inferences which I have drawn from them may not be entirely satisfactory nor conclusive, I still venture to think they may serve as hints for the consideration of others who may be engaged in deciphering and describing these marbles,—and who, from scholarship and archaeological attainments, must be more competent than I am to elucidate their history.

My first impression, after I had carefully examined the sculpture, was that it was not of the very remote period that some had assigned to it. Further inspection has confirmed me in this opinion; and I now propose to state some of the reasons which have led me to this conclusion. In the first place, the various reliefs appear to me to bear unmistakable evidence of being works of a comparatively advanced condition of sculpture—in a peculiar style. There is, throughout the compositions, busy, complicated, and expressive action; and, in the individual figures, whether of men or of animals—but especially in the latter—a very decided attempt at defining the forms and action of the muscles and the articulations of the bones. That they are incorrectly rendered is no argument against this fact—that with this studied attention to minor details, they cannot be, by many degrees, the earliest attempts at sculpture among the people or artists who executed them. It is fair to judge, by analogy, of the probable condition, or rather stages of Art in one nation from our knowledge of its history and progress in another; and the Nimroud sculptures may, I think, be tested by this rule. In the most archaic sculpture, there is no attempt at minute anatomical distinctions. It was not in the nature of things that there should be. Early Art was typical. The first efforts would be confined to the production, by the simplest means, of something like the general form or appearance of the object to be represented; and this is found invariably to be the character of whatever very early Art has reached us. By degrees—and very slow degrees—a more correct representation was effected. Action was begun to be given to figures, and in the next steps something like anatomical development was attempted,—and then, at last, in the case of the best Greek schools, Beauty, or perfection of form. The Nimroud sculpture is, doubtless, far removed from this latter condition; but, though it abounds in barbarisms, it is considerably advanced beyond the most primitive attempts at imitative Art. It is in a state of progress; and it exhibits, in a degree, both knowledge and practice.—I have particularly alluded to the anatomical marking of certain of the human figures and animals; but I cannot help fancying, also, that to an experienced eye the execution of the carving, and production of surface in those parts where it can be judged of, are strongly corroborative of the advanced condition of the practical or technical part of the art. The round, full, fleshy treatment of the faces in the larger figures—the forms of the feet, occasionally of the hands—the truthfulness of character—and even a certain grandeur of style in the lions and bulls (in the hunting groups) equally indicate considerable progress in advance of primitive ignorance.

Of course, in this very early stage of our acquaintance with these remarkable fragments, it

is impossible to conclude, and it would be arrogant to speak decidedly either as to their precise date or subject. It may confidently be hoped that ere long the inscriptions with which they are in parts thickly covered may be deciphered—and may throw light upon these points. In the mean time, these few remarks may possibly lead to inquiry in another direction; and thus the artist may lend not altogether unimportant aid to the antiquary.—Having offered some of those reasons which would more immediately occur to a practical critic for questioning the extremely remote date of the sculptures, I will now venture—but with great deference, as I am entering upon less familiar ground—to state to what period I think, in the absence of other evidence, it might not be unreasonable to attribute them.

In the careful description of these marbles which appeared in the *Athenæum* of the 19th of June, the ingenious writer has stated, in speculating on their date, that they must have been executed prior to Sennacherib and Hezekiah; because the calamities which fell upon the country subsequent to that period, and the dismemberment of the Assyrian empire a few years after, could not have allowed sufficient time to accomplish such extensive and magnificent works as those under consideration. This need not, necessarily, be the case. There was an interval of nearly a hundred years between the accession of Sennacherib and the destruction of Nineveh. If Nimroud occupies, as is supposed, the site of ancient Nineveh, and if these sculptures adorned that city, it of course follows that these marbles must date prior to its destruction, at 612 B.C. But it does not follow, therefore, that they must be earlier than Sennacherib, who lived so many years before that event. And when the style of work in the sculptures militates against the probability of its being of so remote a date, there is strong additional inducement to question the correctness of the speculation. They may, indeed, represent subjects, or the history of kings of a former age or ages; but even if this should prove to be the case, the sculpture need not be of that period. Among the ancients it was usual to represent, in the decoration and enrichment of their temples and public buildings, the heroic achievements of remote ages. There is sufficient proof of this in almost all the ancient sculpture that has reached our time. Disputing, then, the claim of these marbles to so remote an antiquity,—I will now endeavour to reconcile my speculations of their being of a more recent date with certain contemporary historical circumstances, and with events which they may be supposed to illustrate.

Sennacherib had reigned seven years when he was murdered by two of his sons,—as we read in the Second Book of Kings; "and Esarhaddon reigned in his stead." This Esarhaddon was his younger son; and ascended the throne of Nineveh in the year 706 B.C. He is represented as one of the greatest princes that had reigned in Assyria. Ezra, who calls him Assnapper, distinguishes him by the titles of the "good" and "noble" (chap. iv. 10). He ruled over the empire for the long period of thirty-nine years; and during that time was engaged in most important political enterprises, and in carrying on extensive wars,—in all of which he appears to have been eminently successful. Among the remarkable events which illustrated his reign, doubtless the most considerable was his recovery of Babylon,—which had formed an independent kingdom ever since the death of Sardanapalus. Taking advantage of the anarchy and confusion that prevailed there after the death of Messessimordachus, we are told that Esarhaddon laid siege to the city. His arms were crowned with victory; and in the year 680 B.C., and the twenty-sixth of his reign, the rich and powerful Babylon again became a portion of the great Assyrian Empire.

Another of the important enterprises of Esarhaddon was his marching an army into Syria and Palestine, and recovering by his victories what had been lost to the Assyrian Empire after the destruction of the army of Sennacherib in Judea,—when "the angel of the Lord went out, and smote in the camp of the Assyrians an hundred fourscore and five thousand," (2 Kings, xix. 35.) He next proceeded with his forces into the land of Israel, and carried away almost all the inhabitants captives into Babylon and Assyria; and to prevent the land from becoming desolate, we are told, he brought others "from Babylon, from

Cuthah, and from Ava, and Hamath, and Sepharvaim, and placed them in the cities of Samaria, instead of the children of Israel." (2 Kings, xvii, 24.) Esarhaddon next despatched an army, commanded by his generals, into Judea. Manassah was conquered, and was sent prisoner to Esarhaddon; and thus was Judea also brought under subjection.

This short notice of the exploits of this prince is sufficient to show the important character of his reign in the history of the Assyrian kings: and, assuming that the sculpture under consideration was not earlier than his time, is it improbable that these reliefs have reference to the wars in which Esarhaddon was so triumphantly engaged? The long duration of his reign would afford ample opportunity to execute such illustrations of his achievements; and these were works upon which it is likely he would employ the numerous strangers brought captive into the country. Would it be hazardous too wild a speculation, if we admit the premises, to suppose that some of these sculptures may represent especially the expedition against Babylon? There is one peculiar circumstance connected with their treatment which might even be considered to afford some additional support to the opinion. It is remarkable that the character of the people against whom the King, in these compositions, and his fighting men are engaged, closely resembles that of their adversaries. There are some slight variations in the costume,—especially the helmets or head-pieces: the attacking party generally being provided with that defence, while the besieged are without it. But in the faces, and in other respects, the resemblance is so striking that it is impossible not to believe at first sight that the battle is being fought by cognate nations. This literally would be the case if the reliefs refer to the conquest of Babylon; and it is not likely that it would be so if the illustrations were intended to represent a war with a people differing in origin, appearance, costume, and arms from the Assyrians. We see even in Egyptian art,—especially in that at Ipsambul—how curiously and carefully distinctions of nation were marked in illustrations of the kind; and the same discrimination is shown in some of the Lycian sculpture.

The Nimroud Marbles are not to be considered as objects of beautiful Art:—nor is it attempted to connect them with other (foreign) productions of sculpture, supposing them to form a link in the progress or general history of the art. Sculpture was at first practised simply as a mode of illustration; and at the early period of these works was not studied, even in Greece, with any view to please the senses by excellence of Art. But although I have no intention to identify these sculptures with other schools (in the way of connexion), still, having shown that they are not of primitive structure, of their school, but are of an advanced condition of Art, though of an unknown period, I would now examine whether they may not be placed at a date corresponding with that of other sculpture, though of a distinct school, which can be identified as of a known period. We know that in early times the stream of civilization constantly flowed from the East to the West. We also know from history that in the wars that were carried on by the Assyrians against Judea, Israel, Syria, and Palestine, it was the custom to carry away captive the inhabitants of the conquered countries, and to transplant others to colonize and people the acquired territory; thus effecting a constant interchange. I am, of course, aware that the practice of sculpture is much older than the time I am now speaking of, and that we have monuments remaining which are considered to be of the ante-Homeric age. It is, therefore, possible—nay, probable,—that Assyria may long have had a style of original sculpture of its own; but it is quite inconceivable that a long continued practice of the art could have existed among such an active and important people, and not be known to neighbouring nations with which we have reason to believe they were in constant communication. Where did not the merchants of Tyre and Sidon—*Σιδωνεὶ πολυτέλειοι*, "the Sidonians the skillful workers," as Homer calls them—penetrate? They were probably spread all over the East in the exercise of their calling; and it is well known that they visited remote parts of the western world. If Art was in the advanced state of these marbles at the extremely remote date

that has been claimed for them, how can it be accounted for that the sculpture of Asia Minor was at the comparatively late period of 600 years B.C. so rude and primitive,—and when there had been probably some hundred of years' communication between these countries? I cannot help fancying that the improvements—or what may with greater accuracy be called indications of advancement—traceable in these marbles correspond in no slight degree with the character of sculpture of about the date above mentioned among some of the nations referred to;—that is, some of the countries of Asia Minor. In certain portions of the Nimroud Marbles—for instance, in the marking of the knees, the calves of the legs, the feet, and the round treatment and smiling expression of the faces—it is impossible not to be struck with a certain resemblance to some of the earlier Greek and Sicilian forms. I would particularly direct attention to the large figures in relief, and the lions and bulls in the Nimroud Marbles; and would suggest a comparison with some of the earliest coins of Macedonia and Posidonia, the alti-relievi from the older Selinuntine temple, and some parts of that from Xanthus,—and also a very curious and ancient rilievo representing a man wrestling with and strangling a lion (probably a myth of Hercules) preserved in Rome. This suggests curious matter for speculation. But here I must pause. I will not venture to extend this inquiry further at present. My object has been to consider the question of date as defined or rather suggested by a style of Art; and to offer my reasons—not arrogantly, but with great deference—for believing the Nimroud Marbles to be not more ancient than from about 650 to 620 years B.C.;—and I respectfully leave it to others to decide upon the more complicated points of subject, and of the different stages, if they can be traced, of Assyrian sculpture.

RICH. WESTMACOTT, Jun.

P.S.—I am aware there has been a question among Biblical antiquaries respecting the order of events in the reigns of Sennacherib, Esarhaddon, and Sardanapalus (or Nabuchodonosor) his successor. On this account I offer my suggestion respecting the subject represented in some of the reliefs (viz. the siege of Babylon) with great hesitation.

FINE ART GOSSIP.—Pall Mall bids fair to become a Street of Palaces; and this according to no figure of speech—but the literal truth brought out in free-stone! We stated to our readers as the result of the former open competition for the new building of the Army and Navy Club House, that six architects had been ultimately selected by the Committee to submit new designs—none of those already exhibited having satisfied the expectations of the judges and the wants and conditions of the case. This second competition has been terminated by the committee selecting the design of Messrs. Parnell & Smith,—which is an adaptation (outwardly a reproduction) of the Cornaro Palace at Venice. Of course, we hear already of complaints:—these being a certain result of all competitions, whatever else may come of them. There would seem to be reason for complaint, however, in the present case, if there be no incorrectness in the facts as stated. The members of the club having discovered on the former occasion that they were not the best judges in a matter of Art, nor the ballot the fit arbitrator on questions of taste, had arrived, as we imagined, at the conclusion that they would have done well to avail themselves of professional assessors in the exercise of their critical function. This conclusion of ours is in some degree borne out by what they have now done—the referees having been, we believe, offered to more than one of the profession. But an umpire having been at length obtained, the manner of putting the question before him is the thing now objected to—and seems, really, to us, "as at present advised," another blunder to add to former ones. The reference, we understand, was not of the four new designs for the umpire to select from them—but the naval and military judges again exercised their privilege of selection, and referred the design chosen to the arbitrator for his opinion of it singly! Certainly, this was well contrived for giving the other three designers a good grievance—and, accordingly, it is accepted as such.

The additions to the Carlton Club, opposite to this edifice, show Sansovino's Library, with one or two

changes—such as perhaps there must be, when a building, originally intended for the use of

The Ten, the Avogadori, and the Forty is set up *Anno* 1 of Free Trade in Corn, for the use of the "Country Party." The mixture of polished marble and dead stone caused by the introduction of the columns, tablets, &c. of the former material, besides being unpleasant in point of colour till the London smoke shall throw its uniform tint and tone over all, seems to us a mistake as suggesting an obvious discrepancy—not to say economy. "Cloth of frieze and cloth of gold" do not wear well together. If it requires some education (shall we say a little violence to natural taste?) to accustom the eye to the mosaic mixture of marbles in the Campanile of the Duomo at Florence, the Chess-board facings of the less richly varied Cathedral at Monza—the Saracenic horizontal stripes of the Broletto at Como—and a thousand like examples,—and these under the tempering and harmonizing influences of a climate where all bright hues are in some measure tamed by the dazzling "blue above,"—we cannot but think that the crude contrast of materials and colours adverted to may be found harder to reconcile under our duller air; that look for a London street-effect it is less effective than such an old-fashioned mixture of commoner things as Schomburg and even Marlborough House exhibit. Nevertheless, whatever be thought of the purity of taste of each one of these new Club Palaces separately considered, and however we may groan over the palsy which has seized English invention—driving our architects to Venetian sources—it is certain that the street thus capriciously and heterogeneously made up will have some years hence an aspect far more rich and real than one flanked by a long, broken line of houses built in form and order. The charm of the water-ways at Venice and of the thoroughfares at Nuremberg lies in the unexpectedness produced by great variety of decoration.—But since this is a *dictum* at which professional architects may shake their heads, we had perhaps better leave the "Prospect" of Pall Mall (to use the word in its old sense) to their discussion.

A subscription is talked of for erecting a monument to the patriot Lord Russell, on the spot in Lincoln's Inn Fields where he was beheaded on the 21st of July, 1683.

At a Council holden at the Royal Academy on the 26th inst., the following gentlemen were admitted as Probationers:—E. T. Coleman, R. C. Leslie, T. Daggett, C. Wright, J. H. Smith, W. W. Watkins, A. Hughes, J. Brown, G. Knowles, D. N. Fisher, R. Hollingdale, J. Cleghorn, W. Goodall, C. Fowler, E. L. Tarbuck, C. A. Gould, B. J. Bennell, J. Thomas, G. Bidlake, B. Smith, W. Purdew, J. P. Peppercorn, J. Gawn.

We see it stated by the *Globe* that several cases of Assyrian sculpture, from the ruins of the city of Nineveh, have been deposited in the Gallery of Antiquities at the British Museum. They were originally intended for the French Government; but, from a misunderstanding that arose between the collector and the French authorities, they were offered to the Trustees of the British Museum—who became the purchasers. They are considered, says the same authority, the finest specimens yet discovered.—The Xanthian collection of sculpture and architectural remains is now nearly complete; and it will be opened to the public almost immediately.

In Paris, the colossal bronze statue of Marshal Drouet d'Erlon, the fruit of a national subscription, and destined for his native town of Rheims, has been cast—and is now publicly exhibiting in the Champs Elysées previously to its removal for its final destination. It is the work of a young artist, M. Louis Rochet.

The system of Experiment for works of Fine Art demanded by the State seems about to be borrowed in France from our English Commission. A partial adoption of the principle has, at any rate, just taken place. The French government, as our readers know, some time since appointed a Commission to examine into the question of the restoration of the stained glass windows in the *Sainte Chapelle*; and on the demand of that Commission a competition was instituted—under which many works have been sent in. These it has been determined to submit to the judgment of the public; and government has made

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arrangements for opening the Exhibition in the Royal School of the Fine Arts within a few days.
Every now and then comes a rumour from Egypt which is the expression of a civilization so advanced as to contrast strangely with the haunting barbarism that yet lingers there. Egypt in this its day of transition presents itself strangely to the imagination. Everywhere there are signs of awakening—and yet the predominant impression is a sense of sleep. The land seems still lying under the shadow of the Pyramid—but many a strain steals over the Desert, indicating that the new lights of the world are lighting the hidden harmonies of the moral Memnon. The Sphinx of barbarism would soon dash herself on pieces before such solutions of the questioning of ages as are implied in the most recent anecdotes of that Eastern world.—Mehemet Ali, it is said, has refused to allow the European population of Alexandria to erect an equestrian statue in his honour; suggesting as a better and more welcome monument the erection of a public edifice, to comprise an exchange, theatre and club-house. The façades are to be ornamented with bas-reliefs representing that great work of territorial redemption, the barrage of the Nile, and the emblems of agriculture and commerce intermingled with military trophies. A marble bust of the Viceroy and a marble tablet recording the founders' names are all that are to minister to the vanity of individuals.—We have not yet attained to the wisdom of Egypt.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, COVENT GARDEN.—The subscribers and Public are respectfully informed that Rossini's *La Donna del Lago*, which has been some time in preparation, will be performed on THURSDAY NEXT, August 15th. This Opera will be the last production of the Season, and will embrace the entire strength of the Company, with an extra Band and Chorus.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—The Haymarket Opera season has closed after a series of performances unexampled in brilliancy as regards the sensation excited by a single artist; but of a badness unexampled (since 1834) as regards musical execution. To characterize it in brief, we should refer to 1847 as the year of the Lind fever, of Signor Gardoni's *début*, of Signor Coletti's success, and of inferior operatic performances. The *ballet* has been rich in point of names, meagre in point of attraction ever since Easter, and, indeed, alike disregarded by manager and public. As we have in *pelle* some general remarks on the opera season, including both houses, the above memorandum will suffice for this week.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, COVENT GARDEN.—"La Gazza Ladra" has given us Madame Grisi as ever brilliant and pathetic; wondrously little changed indeed, since she bounded on the stage to sing "Di piazze" in the year 1834, on her first appearance; Signor Tamburini still incomparable as the Deserter-father, the only living *basso* or baritone, we apprehend, who can do justice to Rossini's florid music; and two new presentments. One of these is the *Poetista*, by Signor Marini;—another step in the right direction. To attempt to "re-open questions" closed by Labèque is no child's play; and to succeed in the attempt at all implies greater merit than the public was at first prepared to admit. But seeing that no one is perennial, we hold that Signor Marini has shown encouragement with an eye to the future, as well as honest praise for the present. He has succeeded at last in making an impression on his audience—and he has done much: but "more remains to do." The other novelty is Mdlle. Albini's *Pippa*—the best which the stage has ever heard. We know of no vocalist—Mdlle. Lind herself not excepted—who manages so entirely to fascinate her audience by a few unimportant notes. The trifling *aria* with chorus at the table where takes place that exhibition of the spoons so tempting to the Magpie, but so fatal to the Maid—was re-demanded on Thursday week, with a *trio* encore: while the *solo* in the duet 'Ebben' was delivered with so much richness, geniality, and high vocal finish, that it must needs be repeated twice. No *contralto* in our recollection has been so popular as Mdlle. Albini; and we are glad to perceive that the last opera of the series will provide her with the fullest occupation she has found since her *début* in 'Semiramide'—this being 'La Donna del Lago.'

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HAYMARKET.—This theatre closed last Saturday:—when 'The Love Chase' was performed for Mr. Webster's benefit. The manager in his Address announced much novelty for the next season—which will commence, we believe, about the middle of September. Several new plays are promised.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC GOSSIP.—Every hint at effort in any direction, to avert the Shakespeare shame from falling on England may have its value, inasmuch as Time presses and Enthusiasm is apt to cool.—We address the following to our dramatic brethren. A fortnight since we were speculating on the number and value of the actors and actresses "unattached." Is there no possibility of their laying by precedences—differences (if such exist)—questions of etiquette and the like—no possibility of their combining together for a week, if not for a month, to give a series of representations of the great plays of Shakespeare in one of our great houses—for the purpose of keeping his "house open" to the people of England "while wood grows and water runs"? Few are better aware than ourselves that such a proposal has to break through the hedge of "impossibilities"—raised, not only by every great Man and Woman, but by every great Man's and great Woman's friends and worshippers: who do not see how cruelly they tarnish their idols by placing them, or keeping them placed, on such immoderate pedestals of pride. Yet, when we can cite from the annals of regular dramatic service such a precedent as the Siddons of the German stage, mother to Madame Devrient, and known as "die grosse Schröder," one night playing *Lady Macbeth* and another *Lady Capulet*, we can see no earthly reason why feuds might not merge, vanities be laid by, and mutual concession prevail, in a case of such intense and paramount interest to all lovers of Drama. Further, the self-assertion just adverted to is the utmost that we would desire our *Hamlets*, *Romeos*, *Lears*, and *Queen Katherines* to sacrifice. We are not among those who call upon the professional Artist for largesses which the Artist's so-called masters pay grudgingly and in less proportion.—Besides affording the public a treat to which we believe it would flock gratefully—according to its usual willingness to get a crown's worth for its penny—besides bringing in a golden addition to the treasury of Homage, there might, would, and should (according to our judgment) be fit and fair recompense to every one taking part: not, indeed, according to the "star"—or call it "comet"—tariff which now-a-days grinds some to enrich others,—as little according to the scale whereby the Burbages and the Bettertons were remunerated,—but such as should prevent the time given from being reckoned by money lost, with any one concerned. Any one of our three great theatres will be accessible late in October—by no means the worst time of the year for play-going.

We observe that Sadler's Wells is occupying its recess by giving regular operatic performances under the nominal direction of Miss Rainforth.—Captain Addison is said by the *Dramatic and Musical Review* to have taken the Olympic Theatre; which he will open in September.—Mrs. Warner has taken the Marylebone Theatre for seven years; and intends to pursue there a course of management similar to that which has proved successful at Sadler's Wells. We are glad to learn that she will be able to secure a competent company,—and that her energies will be entirely devoted to the highest class of drama.—Meanwhile, something of its "old life and soul" would appear to have returned to Vauxhall; though not precisely in the aspect of silken-hosed lords sitting on the grass, so lusciously described in the French advertisement quoted last week. Our neighbours are contributing to its entertainments some equestrian artists, the Lejars and Cuzents,—who deserve our epithet because, like poor Ducrow, they mingle art with equestrianism.

The *Manchester Examiner* has the following:—"A report has reached us that the manager of the Theatre Royal may, at the commencement of the ensuing season, introduce to us a lady candidate for tragic honours, of whom the highest expectations have been formed. We are told by persons moving in literary and theatrical circles, on whose opinion we can rely, that the genius evinced by this lady is of such an order

as must realize the most brilliant triumphs of her profession. Her range of character is that of Mrs. Siddons."—The *débütante* here spoken of is, we believe, a lady whom we have more than once seen rehearse in the highest walk of the drama. It is very difficult to form precise impressions from such detached efforts as those to which we allude—and where so many allowances are demanded, and conceded, for the absence of all the accessories which seem necessary not merely to maintain the illusion, but to support even the passion, of the scene:—but so far as a judgment can be formed under such circumstances, the language of the Manchester paper is not above the merits of the case.

The sum cleared by the two dramatic performances, at Manchester and Liverpool, for the benefit of Leigh Hunt and Mr. Poole, the dramatist, after the deduction of all expenses, amounts, we are informed, to about 600*l.*: and would probably have been more had a larger admission price been ventured on—as the box tickets finally became matters of speculation, and fetched large sums. The amateurs had a hearty welcome—and the papers of the two towns speak in high terms of their performances.

Among other last things which this week has brought has been the close of Mdlle. Rachel's performances,—and with them the close for the season of the *St. James's Theatre*. Of neither artist nor management have we new praise to offer. More to the purpose of the public, of the "Tragic Muse" and of those who engage her, would be new plays—if good ones in the old style, good—if good ones after a new fashion, still better. That the exquisite neatness of carpentry to which the modern French dramatists have attained has at once made the production of novelty difficult and, by the possible reconciliation of every conceivable absurdity, rendered certain success easy be the materials ever so worthless—at the expense of character, colour, poetry, &c., we in part believe. On the other hand, the day of the Classicists which some thought M. Ponsard was to revive and M. Latour de Saint Ybars to illustrate, seems already to have died.—While we are on the important matter of French theatricals, we may here mention that a rumour is current of peace and reunion between Mdlle. Plessy and the *Théâtre Français*.

The rumours of theatres just built multiply in curious proportion with tales of well-accustomed old ones being closed for want of tenants, or changing their occupation. The newest, perhaps, is that of one in New York, at the corner of Broadway and Anthony Street, just erected, our contemporaries assure us at a cost of 13,000*l.*—and to open in September.—By the way, we have been told that the new *Théâtre Historique* at Paris is a failure, so far as the hearer's comfort is concerned; owing to the use in improper situations of plaster or composition—always deadening to the sound—in place of wood.

The "time of year" might be gathered, if from no other feature in the *Athenæum*, from the paucity of musical news. One announcement, however, is of promise,—and, as we have seen, of performance also; to wit, the reappearance of M. Costa as conductor of the Philharmonic Concerts for 1848. There has been organ playing too, by Mr. E. Chipp—within the last fortnight—in exhibition of a new instrument built by Messrs. Walker for Tuam Cathedral. Such a performance hardly comes within fair critical range; and we recur to the one in question to draw attention to a musical province sorely neglected. Why should not the organists, seeing that (so far as the musical public is concerned) they are, like Mrs. Trollope's "Christians in the bush," no organists at all—for want of opportunity—combine for the purpose of attracting notice to their instrument? An *Organ Soirée* sounds absurd, rather than tempting; yet the absurdity lies merely and mainly in the sound, since such a meeting might be made various and interesting to a special audience.—The little popularity of one or two *Concerto* efforts made at Exeter Hall by no means settles the question, as some may think.—At the Philharmonic Concerts a strange Quartett has not been acceptable for many years, yet who would venture to assert that we cannot now muster a public for one-stringed instrument players?

MISCELLANEA

Paris Academy of Sciences.—July 26.—M. C. Flandin read a paper on vegetable poisons—in particular, opium. It was divided into two parts.—In the first, after observing that up to the present time no effectual means in chemistry have been discovered for the detection of vegetable poisons in the human body, he proposes the adoption of two new modes of analysis, both founded on two experimental facts:—1. That the immediate principles of vegetable poisons, such as morphine, narcotine, brucine, strychnine, &c., are not decomposed by their contact with animal matter at a temperature of 100 degrees of centigrade, or rather more; 2. That ammonia precipitates alkaline vegetables from their acid solutions up to and beyond the proportion of thousandths parts. In both the processes recommended by the author, whatever may be the nature of the substance under analysis, they are to be dried on a sand bath at a temperature not exceeding 115 degrees. They are then put into an apparatus described by M. Flandin, in the first volume of his *Traité des Poisons*, p. 414. When thus prepared, the products, according to their degree of dryness or coagulability, are treated by water sharpened by 0.025 to 0.5 of acetic acid, or by alcohol, to which, according to the nature of the product, is to be added a small portion of oxalic or tartaric acid reduced to powder. The object of this addition of acid, which may be made either before or after the use of the alcohol, is to transform the vegetable alkaline base into an extremely soluble salt; and this salt is subsequently to be recovered by cold water, in order to precipitate the base of ammonia. For the analysis of urine there is an entirely special process. The liquid must be evaporated to the consistency of an extract, which must be thoroughly dried by the addition of alumine in powder, and the solid substance must be recovered perfectly pulverized by cold water sharpened with 0.2 to 0.05 of acetic acid. The precipitation is then effected by ammonia, and the precipitate is to be washed, in order to complete the process. By these processes, says M. Flandin, the operator no longer acts upon extracts of animal matter with his chemical tests; but upon the vegetable bases in their pure state, or in the form of crystals. By means of a small filterer, the invention of M. Danger, M. Flandin has been able to collect without loss even the smallest quantities of a precipitate. In the second part of his paper the author applied himself particularly to opium,—or rather to one of its immediate principles, morphine. He administered several compounds, having morphine as their base, to a variety of animals, such as cats, dogs, rabbits, birds, and a monkey. He says, "One of the first facts that resulted from my experiments was that of very large doses of morphine being supported by all the above-named animals,—the base being perhaps decomposed or neutralized by the gastric juice under the influence of the vital force. I recalled to mind on the one hand that morphine is decomposed by certain strong acids,—azotic acid for instance; and, on the other hand, I have shown that the same decomposition results from the action of a chlorure or an alkaline chlorite united to a weak acid,—the chlorure of lime and chlorite of soda acting in presence or by the medium of acetic, oxalic, or tartaric acid, &c. &c. The result even of this last decomposition furnishes a new test, which must be added to those most valued for vegetable alkaline bases. Morphine in this state gives a fine yellow colour, narcotine a red colour, and brucine a rose colour; strychnine undergoes no modification. Morphine may be decomposed or burnt during the digestive or respiratory process; but, even if this be the case, all the morphine is not suddenly transformed or destroyed either in the digestive canal or in the circulation of the blood." The conclusion of M. Flandin is that vegetable poisons, and particularly morphine, may be partly neutralized by contact with the fluids, or under the influence of the vital force; but that the portion which produces morbid effects, the portion which destroys life, remains in its natural state in the organs, and may be discovered with the aid of chemistry.

The Satellite of Neptune.—Mr. Lassell has written to the *Times*, fully confirming his discovery of the above body,—as announced in that paper of the 12th ult., and by us reported *ante*, p. 764. He says

—"Repeated surveys of the sky surrounding the stars *a* and *b*, mentioned in my previous letter, have satisfied me that no star exists in the place where the point *c* appeared on the morning of the 8th of July. Since then I have repeated the observation, by ascertaining that a presumed satellite accompanying the planet on one day became verified on a subsequent day by its no longer occupying the place in the sky which it filled when in the close neighbourhood of the planet. But the fullest confirmation I obtained this morning; when, watching the planet together with its satellite for about two hours, I found that Neptune in his orbital motion had sensibly carried away the satellite from the position in the sky it occupied when I first saw it. Altogether, during the last month I have seen the planet accompanied by its satellite five or six times; and in every instance the satellite has been, with respect to Neptune, either in the north-following, or south-preceding quadrant,—generally forming a moderate angle, about 40 or 50 degrees, with the parallel. From this it would appear that the plane of its orbit is not very greatly inclined to the plane of the ecliptic. The difficulties of the observation are, however, so great, and the suitable states of atmosphere so rare, that I fear some considerable time must elapse before the most interesting phenomena respecting this remote and minute body can be satisfactorily ascertained."

The Post Office.—The new Post Office Act, according to the 21st section, came into force on the 1st instant. This act contains 22 sections; and is entitled "An Act for giving further Facilities for the Transmission of Letters by Post, and for the regulating the Duties of Postage thereon, and for other Purposes relating to the Post Office." By the 1st section, so much of the act 3 & 4 Victoria, c. 96, as enacts that no letter exceeding six ounces weight shall be sent by post is repealed; and by the second, power is given, in order to prevent bulky packets from being sent through the post, to the Commissioners of the Treasury, by warrant under their hands to fix the maximum weight of letters to be sent from time to time. The third provision is in the following words; and by it considerable power is given to alter the present system:—"And be it enacted that the Postmaster-General may collect and receive the foreign and colonial postage charged or chargeable on any letters sent by the post; and may also, with the consent of the Commissioners of Her Majesty's Treasury, require the postage (British, colonial, or foreign) of any letters sent by the post to be prepaid either in money or in stamps (as he may think fit), on the same being put into the Post Office; and he may also, with such consent, abolish or restrict the prepayment in money of postage on letters sent by the post, either altogether or on certain letters, and may refuse to receive or send by the post any letters tendered contrary to any regulations made under this enactment." By the next section, in all cases in which the British postage chargeable on any letter sent by the post shall exceed the sum of one penny, it shall be lawful for the Commissioners of Her Majesty's Treasury, by warrant, to reduce such postage to any other rate of postage they may from time to time think fit. Writing or marks, in addition to the direction, may be allowed to be put on newspapers and other printed papers. With respect to the privilege given by the recited act to seamen and soldiers, it is provided that it shall extend to letters liable to foreign rates of postage, subject to the payment of the foreign postage if any be chargeable thereon. Receipts may be required of the Postmaster-General for post letters, &c., at the expense of the person requiring the same. Dies are to be provided by the Commissioners of Stamps and Taxes; and all letters sent contrary to the regulations of this or the recited act may be detained. After a provision to authorize Commissioners under any fiat of bankruptcy to order letters addressed to the bankrupt to be re-directed or delivered to the official assignee, for a limited period, there are three clauses in regard to rejected letters, by which power is given to compel the senders of rejected letters to pay the postage; the Post Office stamps to be evidence of letters being rejected,—and in proceedings for postage it is provided that the apparent writer shall be deemed to be the sender of a letter. Mails may now be sent by railway without a guard. The other sections are of a general character; and have reference to the practical operation of the

act,—with the exception of the 15th, respecting the Post Office tax, which is as follows:—"And be it enacted that in all proceedings whatsoever for the recovery of any postage, either within the United Kingdom or within any of Her Majesty's colonies, the Post Office tax upon any letter shall in all cases be evidence of the liability of such letter to be so taxed, and that the sum so taxed thereupon is payable as usual for the postage thereof." As will be seen, the Postmaster-General, with the consent of the Treasury, may make regulations to carry the Act into force.—*Times*.

The Rosse Telescope.—The capacity of this instrument is wonderful. Such is its power that if a star of the first magnitude were removed to such a distance that its light would be three millions of years in reaching us, this telescope would, nevertheless, show it to the human eye. Is it to be wondered at, then, that with such an instrument grand discoveries should be made? It has been pointed to the heavens, and, although in the beginning only of its career, it has already accomplished mighty things. There are nebulous spots in the heavens which have baffled all the instruments hitherto constructed, but this telescope resolves their true character completely. Among the wonderful objects which have been subject to its scrutiny is the nebula in the constellation Orion. I have had an opportunity to examine it. It is one of the most curious objects in the whole heavens. It is not round, and it throws off furious lights. From the time of Herschel it has been subjected to the examination of the most powerful instruments,—but it grew more and more mysterious and diverse in its character. When Lord Rosse's great telescope was directed to its examination, it for a long time resisted its power. He found it required patient examination,—night after night and month after month. At length a pure atmosphere gave him the resolution of its constitution; and the stars of which it is composed burst upon the sight of man for the first time.—*Mechanic's Magazine*.

The Electric Telegraph.—The following is a list of the towns to which communications from London are already opened, or to which they will be opened by the commencement of the year, by means of the electric telegraph:—Ramsgate, Margate, Deal, Dover, Folkstone, Canterbury, Maidstone, Tunbridge, Gorton, Southampton, Winchester, Dorchester, Bristol, Gloucester, Cheltenham, Peterborough, Yarmouth, Huntingdon, Hertford, Northampton, Coventry, Birmingham, Wolverhampton, Stafford, Chester, Liverpool, Manchester, Leicester, Derby, Nottingham, Lincoln, Chesterfield, Hull, Sheffield, Bradford, Wisbeach, Lowestoft, Cambridge, Chelmsford, Ipswich, Rotherham, Barnsley, Wakefield, Leeds, Halifax, Rochdale, York, Darlington, Newcastle, Berwick, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Scarborough, Bridlington, Stamford, Norwich, St. Ives, Ware, Colchester.—*Globe*.

A Boy carried over Niagara Falls.—We learn from Col. John Fisk that a melancholy accident had occurred at Niagara Falls. A fine lad of the name of John Murphy, aged 13 years, in the employ of Judge Porter, in crossing the Chippewa in a canoe, was drawn into the rapids on the Canada side, and into the Great Horse-shoe Fall. When he was first discovered, he was beyond the reach of all earthly assistance; and, although the little fellow did all that courage and strength could do, holding his slight canoe for nearly twenty minutes almost stationary, and when tired nature gave up contending longer with the wind and current, both against him, the little fellow plunged overboard, and with the courage and perseverance of a man, for some time breasted the current. But, alas! too late; though within 100 yards of the shore, he was in the embrace of the rushing cataract, which never releases its victim! The broken fragments of his frail bark were all that were found of the little mariner. A widowed mother and three children mourn the loss of a son and brother, and many strangers lament the fate of a noble and excellent boy.—*Rochester Advertiser*.

To CORRESPONDENTS.—*Θ*—received.
H. B.'s letter is referred to the reviewer.
"A Student of the *Athenæum*" is informed that we know not how he can obtain what he desires but through an application to the author.

Erratum.—P. 806, col. 1, l. 38, for "prisoner," read *Pascan*.

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NORWICH UNION LIFE INSURANCE SOCIETY.

Established 1808.

ACCUMULATED CAPITAL £2,000,000.

E. T. BOOTH, Esq. *President.*
ISAAC JERMY, Esq., Recorder of Norwich, *V.P.*
MAJOR-GEN. SIR R. J. HARVEY, C.B.

Directors.

DR. EVANS.
TIMOTHY STEWARD, Esq.
G. DURRANT, Esq. &c. &c.

Secretary—SAMUEL BIGNOLD, Esq.

Solicitor—E. FIELD, Esq.

Actuary—RICHARD MORGAN, Esq.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that pursuant to the Resolutions passed at the General Meeting of the Society on the 29th of June last, a BONUS is now declared of 10 per cent. upon all Premiums paid by the existing Members at or prior to the 30th of June 1846. The last Bonus was declared in June 1842; the present will therefore vary from 10 to 70 per cent. upon the Premiums deposited during the five years since the last declaration of Bonus.

This Society is founded on the equitable principle of Mutual Guarantee; its Premiums (under 45 years of age) are nearly 10 per cent. below the usual rates; and the whole of the surplus Premium is added, at stated periods, to the Policies of the Members, in proportion to the sums they have respectively contributed. By this plan, the Norwich Union Office affords a certain and immediate advantage, in the reduction of the rates, besides the future benefits arising from the divisions of the surplus Capital.

The Members of the Society are those who insure for the whole of Life, and are exclusively entitled to the division of the surplus Capital; and while there are no shareholders to divide the profits with the Assured, the integrity of the engagements of the Society is guaranteed as well by the reserved fund as by the large and securely invested capital which it possesses, together exceeding Two Millions sterling.

No. of Policy.	Sum Insured.	Total Bonus.	Bonus declared June 1847.	No. of Policy.	Sum Insured.	Total Bonus.	Bonus declared June 1847.
	£.	£. s. d.	£. s. d.		£.	£. s. d.	£. s. d.
92	500	392 6 4	87 3 3	1,094	1,000	597 17 4	140 8 0
165	300	159 1 0	35 6 9	1,235	2,000	1,124 19 3	272 14 2
170	1,000	573 1 6	127 6 0	1,276	1,500	817 7 1	198 3 9
206	500	270 15 9	60 4 7	1,444	1,000	685 15 7	166 5 0
246	600	325 14 1	72 7 9	1,608	1,000	545 2 4	136 17 0
421	600	353 16 0	78 13 2	1,914	700	392 15 10	102 8 2
526	600	391 6 1	89 7 1	2,145	2,000	927 3 8	241 14 6
751	1,000	593 17 7	135 10 3	3,195	4,999	1,563 12 8	445 10 5
864	500	290 8 11	68 5 7	3,240	3,000	1,109 15 2	316 4 0
944	2,000	904 9 4	212 8 0				

In consequence of the lower rates of premium adopted by this Institution, in comparing the above Bonuses with those declared by any other Society of equal standing, an addition must be made averaging upon the older Policies 15 per cent. upon the sums assured.

The LIFE Institution is wholly distinct from the FIRE.

NORWICH UNION FIRE INSURANCE SOCIETY.

Established 1797.

CAPITAL £550,000.

Directors.

President—EDWARD TEMPLE BOOTH, Esq.

Vice-President—A. HUDSON, Esq.

GEORGE MORSE, Esq.
GEN. SIR R. F. HARVEY.
MR. RECORDER JERMY.
CHARLES EVANS, Esq.

EDWARD STEWARD, Esq.
LEWIS EVANS, M.D.
THOS. BLAKISTON, Esq. R.N.
W. M. SEPPINGS, Esq.

T. STEWARD, Esq.
G. DURRANT, Esq.
SAMUEL BIGNOLD, Esq., *Secretary*,
Norwich.

THE NORWICH UNION FIRE OFFICE was established in 1797, and was the first Fire Office to introduce the system of making periodical returns of its surplus premiums to its Policy-holders. By the constitution of the Society, three-fifths of the surplus Premiums are now allotted to the Assured, who have thus received, from time to time, returns amounting in the aggregate to nearly £350,000, while by the Deed of Settlement of the Society, as sanctioned by the highest legal authorities, it is provided that no responsibility shall attach to them on account of its engagements. In consequence of this liberal policy, and the alacrity with which all just claims have been met by the Directors, the business of the office has steadily increased to its present amount of upwards of Sixty Millions, thus placing it in the same rank as the first of the London offices.

The last return was declared in September 1846, and was 12½ per cent. upon the Premiums paid during the four preceding years.

The FIRE Institution is wholly distinct from the LIFE.

London Board of Management.

THOMAS AMYOT, Esq. F.R.S.
EDWARD WENMAN MARTIN, Esq.

CHARLES SUMMERS, Esq. M.R.C.S.
CHARLES JOHN BUNYON, Esq.

Surveyor—C. HOWELL, Esq.

* * For Prospectuses apply to the Chief Office for London of the Societies, No. 6, Crescent, New Bridge-street, Blackfriars.